

THE TWO POLICIES.

Mr. Stephens Favored the Peace Party in the North.

MR. DAVIS WAS FOR PUSHING THE WAR

Some Old Letters from the Vice President Published for the First Time—Sent by Him for Safe Keeping.

Roma, Ga., July 20.—Editor Constitution.—In compliance with my promise in last Sunday's Constitution, I present below the correspondence, then referred to, between President Jefferson Davis and Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, in 1864, made public now for the first time. This I do by the advice of friends who have my own judgment as to the truth of history and in vindication of the correctness and wisdom of Mr. Stephens's course during the late war between the states, as events since have undoubtedly and indisputably established.

The peculiar appropriateness, too, of this correspondence in its insistence upon the democratic doctrine of state's rights and state sovereignty as the basic principle of our American free institutions, is most palpable at this time, when we have in power in this country a president who has exercised the absolute and despotic power to send federal troops into a state, not upon application of the authorities of that state, as provided in our constitution, but by the federal constitution, but directly over and against the positive protest of the governor, that they were not needed nor wanted; who has caused the arrest, indictment and trial in a federal court of the governor of the sovereign state of Mississippi upon a charge of counterfeiting, because, in the discharge of his sworn duty, he was proceeding to execute a law of his state, and other similar acts of a like despotic and monarchial character far exceeding anything of the kind even in our history for such acts, then justly denounced and condemned by the federal government as so to consolidate the states by degrees into one consolidated sovereignty.

The correspondence given below was sent by Mr. Stephens to the editor of the Richmond, Va., in a letter dated December 23, 1864, in which he says: "I send you a copy of a correspondence which I wish you to keep. The original I shall keep. I have as yet got no reply to my letter," etc. Mr. Davis never made any reply.

Mr. Stephens, in his "War Between the States," page 38, alluding to this correspondence, says: "In speaking of these differences between Mr. Davis and myself on this branch of our external policy, I will add that they became so wide and decided in the following year, during the year, that the north and the south between Lincoln and McClellan, as to lead to a correspondence between us on the subject, which, I believe, was a little more than a personal one, but which in no way interfered with our personal relations, or with our full, free, cordial and continued interchange of views upon all matters of public interest. There was, as I have said before, at no time upon these or any other questions a personal breach or anything like a feud between us. So much, then, in answer to your inquiry touching our differences, so far as they related to matters of foreign policy."

A letter from Grant. The following letter from General Grant to his own personal friend, Mr. Nathan Burns, written at City Point, Va., in August, 1864, will suffice to indicate the foreign policy urged upon the confederate authorities by Mr. Stephens as the proper and wise one for us toward the United States administration; how it was regarded by the leaders on that side, how it affected them, what fears it inspired in them and what its probable workings might have been, had it been adopted and wisely pursued by the confederate authorities. General Grant said:

"I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the union, is a determined unity of sentiment north. The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners and railroad bridges and forming a good part of their garrisons for entrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. With this drain upon them, the end is visible. If we but trust to ourself, they will hope now in a divided north. This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, while it would weaken us. I have no doubt the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hasten the end of the war, and they have many hopes from their effects. They hope for a counter-revolution, they hope for the election of the peace candidate."

The above correspondence speaks for itself and is contributed to the history of the time in which this was written.

W. H. HIDEELL.

Davis to Stephens.

Richmond, Va., November 21, 1864.—To Vice President Stephens, Crawfordville, Ga.—Sir: In the Augusta Constitutionalist, communicated by yourself, I find published a letter addressed by you to Hon. Thomas J. Semmes, confederate states senator, in which you recommended the following passage: "I know there are many persons amongst us whose opinions are entitled to high consideration who do not agree with me on the question of McClellan's election. They prefer to support McClellan. Perhaps the president belongs to that class. Judging from his acts, I should think that he did."

Your public station gives importance to the statement of the possible effect upon those northern men who desired to terminate the war and who supported the election of McClellan is too obvious to require comment. I am quite at a loss to imagine the basis of your confusion and have, therefore, to ask to what acts of mine you refer. Very respectfully yours, "JEFFERSON DAVIS."

Stephens to Davis.

Richmond, Va., December 13, 1864.—His Excellency, President Jefferson Davis—Sir: Your letter of the 21st ultimo, addressed to me at Crawfordville, Ga., did not reach me before I left there and was received by me only a few days ago. This will explain the delay of my answer.

I now avail myself of the earliest opportunity under the press of other duties to reply to your inquiry. In doing this you will, of course, not expect me to go into a general review and minute specification of everything on your part, including what has been done, as well as what has not been done by you, that contributed in bringing my mind to the belief and conclusion referred to.

"This would be as difficult and tedious as useless. I will confine myself to a few points only. The first of these was your action in regard to the case of David F. Cable. That you may be better understood, I stand what I say may be better understood by your correspondence upon the subject. And that you may be better enabled to appreciate the nature of the impressions produced on my mind in that matter, an abstract of the preliminary facts in that correspondence, by way of recapitulation, may properly be here presented.

"I will, then, recall that on the 9th day of April of this year, I called your special attention to a communication I had received from this man. He had written to me, on the 29th of March, 1864, stating that he was then a prisoner of war at Andersonville, Ga., that he was from the state of Ohio and had accompanied the forces of the enemy that invaded Florida, as a non-combatant; that his object, amongst other things, was to cross our lines and to

have a conference with prominent men on our side by which concert of action could be procured between our authorities and the peace party at the north in the then approaching presidential election, so as to secure, if possible, the defeat of the abolition administration at Washington. Such concert, he thought, might insure the success of the peace party in that election and eventually lead to an honorable peace. He stated that he was taken as a prisoner at Ocean Pond, Fla., and was then held as a prisoner of war. He wished a parole and a conference with me and other men on our side upon the subject of what he styled his mission. For he stated that he had come on this mission after advice and consultation with the leading peace men in the northwest, New York and the federal capital. He gave a sketch of the terms on which such concert of action should be based in the opinion of the leading peace men at the north whom he represented; and sought the interview and conference to see if such concert as was deemed feasible could be effected, etc. This letter, the substance of which I recall to your mind, I enclosed to you, accompanied by one from myself to you, in which I urged upon you the importance, in my opinion, of granting to Mr. Cable the parole and conference asked. Upon the main points in his letter, I gave it to you as my judgment that he should be paroled and assured by the highest authority in our government, even that which alone initiates peace, etc., that it was the earnest wish and desire of our government to end the war, which was not of our seeking at the beginning, and to adjust all matters of difference with the government at Washington upon the principles of state sovereignty and the legitimate results of those principles; that the ablest champions of the peace party at the north were then standing on the principles of the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1788 and 1793, denying the power of the federal government rightfully to coerce a state. I gave it to you as my opinion that it was a matter of very great importance to defeat the abolition party at the north, if possible.

Encourage the Peace Party. "My view was that the peace men at the north should have every assurance and every aid that it was in our power to give them, by which, if possible, a state's rights organization might be brought into power to centralize the powers in the federal government so as to consolidate the states by degrees into one consolidated sovereignty."

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For the Blood

I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine before the public. After a severe cold and influenza I was in a very weak and low condition, suffering greatly with catarrh in the head. I lost flesh, did not have any appetite and was without ambition or inclination to do anything. I had headache and a roaring and buzzing noise in my ears. I was at last obliged to give up work.

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he came here in a representative capacity to subvert the interests of the peace party, that he had suffered in position and property by his active exertions in maintaining the great principles upon which the government was founded, and when he turned his course south, he had no doubt that he should be treated as a traitor and all due encouragement, but, on the contrary, he had been rigidly treated as a prisoner of war and subjected to all the hardships and indignities which unavoidably attach to such a position and he had become from these causes and attendant mental anxiety so much reduced that he had no hope of surviving in his present position very long. He asked that relief which he believed the government should have afforded him, if possible. He thought he was entitled, if his mission here should fail, there was much important work for him to do in the north during the then pending presidential campaign. He alluded to the fact that he should not be allowed to perish in that place for his family's sake.

No Investigation Was Made. "The commandant at the post promptly answered my letter informing me that no investigation had ever been made in his case. I need not say to you in this recital how much surprised I was on receiving this information; for I immediately addressed you upon the subject enclosed a copy of his letter of the 21st of June, and stating to you my surprise that no examination or investigation had been made and again urging the case as one deserving prompt attention. To this communication sent on the 5th of July, you made no reply. Matters so remained until I got a letter from the commandant at the post, dated the 23d of July, stating that Cable was dead."

"Now, sir, I assure you that all the facts of this case, taken together, which I have recited only a brief statement, but with the whole in detail, you must be satisfied of the truth of the case. I have on my mind that you did not favorably regard my conference with Mr. Cable, though he avowed he was the representative of the leading men of the peace party at the north; that you did not approve of having him receive the assurance which I thought it best he should receive, even from yourself; and that you did not consider it to be consistent with our best interests to foster, encourage and to aid in bringing into power a peace party at the north on the principles stated in my first letter to you; which party was then struggling into existence, and which, after all its embarrassments and discouragements in its organization and the recalcitrant attitude of 'traitors' at the north, and the ridicule and reproach of 'copperheads' by many at the south, as well as the north, finally presented the name of McClellan as its candidate. The fact that you had not said anything in support of my views on the subject when requested, tended to produce that impression. And then the fact that no investigation, such as you wrote to me on the 19th of April had been directed, had taken place up to the 21st of June, and after my sending to you Cable's second letter of the 21st of June, the fact that he was still kept in prison and permitted to die there, without any trial, and that he was given to no investigation, increased that impression almost, if not quite, to a conviction."

"But if I had been in doubt on the subject of your preference as between Lincoln and McClellan, it is to me that the speech at Columbia, S. C., as reported in the papers, could not have left me in that condition long. This brings me to the second of the two points to which I said I should confine myself in my answering your inquiry."

"The peace party at the north had planted themselves at Chicago virtually upon a states' rights platform. They opposed the election of McClellan on the ground that the union by force, McClellan was the candidate. Whatever they have been his individual opinions, his success would have been a popular triumph of their principles. They opposed, in my letter, your views upon the subject of his election, and if brought into power, to offer no support as an initiation of negotiations for peace a general convention of all the states. It was on this line of policy they evidently intended to rally, and unite, if possible, all the conservative elements of the north. This proposition in your Columbia speech you publicly declared and unqualifiedly opposed."

Peace Only by the Sword.

"The question before us now is not the constitutionality, expediency or policy of such a mode of inaugurating negotiations for peace. It is simply the object which you might be presumed to have had in view in speaking of it as you did on that occasion. Looking at it in this light, what you then said seemed to me to admit of but one construction. That was that you felt impelled from a sense of duty, not only to withhold that encouragement and aid which a favorable response to this proposition from you would give to your friends, but not even to withhold that silence on your part which might not have done them any positive damage. Such a declaration from you could have no effect at the north but to weaken and cripple that party. How could their leading men urge the people to rally upon their proposed policy, with any hope of success, if they had been told that the government was in opposition to the potential argument of their adversaries that it would be utterly useless, because the chief magistrate of the confederacy had declared in advance that he would not entertain any such proposition as they proposed to offer? Had you desired or preferred the election of McClellan, would it not have been the plain and clear dictate of reason that I should have said anything upon the subject, even though you had entertained the sentiments which you expressed? Would it not have been time enough to speak when the fact that I should no longer speak, had been elected and the proposition made, the control of the question would then have been in your hands. You could then have acceded to it or rejected it as you thought proper. The plain and clear conclusion that I could draw from this rejection of the proposition in advance was that you really intended and desired to accomplish by it

what seemed to me to be its natural and legitimate result. But this was not all. Not only was the proposition on which the peace and states' rights party at the north had planted themselves thus rejected by you in advance, but the rejection, you will allow me most respectfully to say, was accompanied by words that must, to say the least of them, have grated very harshly upon the feelings of those who advocated it and favored it as a means of terminating the war. It being the substance of your speech there upon the subject of peace were, in short, that there was no prospect of peace but by the sword; that a peace party at the north could only be made by a success of our arms over theirs; that the only way to make slavery civil was to whip them."

Thought Mr. Davis Preferred Lincoln's Election.

"The natural and legitimate tendency of such language was, it seemed to me, not only to dampen the ardor of the peace men there, but to excite and arouse in them bitterness of feelings toward us and our cause. Who would be willing in his advocacy of peace upon the principles announced at Chicago to subject himself to the taunts of the war champions that he had been whipped into his conciliatory mood and in the estimation of our chief magistrate he was then no better than a spaniel, and a whipped spaniel at that. It being, as I considered it, the natural tendency of your language on this subject to strengthen the opponents instead of its friends there, I could not but conclude that it was intended to produce that effect. I could not suppose that such words had escaped you on such an occasion unintentionally, or unwittingly. Taking, therefore, all these things into consideration—your whole course in the case of Cable, and the speech at Columbia—you have some of the reasons springing from some of your acts that induced me to think that you did belong to that class amongst us who, for the reasons stated in my letter to you, I believe, preferred Lincoln's election to McClellan's. I could say a great deal more, but it is unnecessary. What I have said has been most frankly said, though painfully said. For I assure you that the belief that you, like me, did not favor the policy of encouraging, aiding and bringing into power a party at the north on the states' rights and states' sovereignty line, has caused me deep regret and pain. The belief that you, like me, alluded to, did prefer Lincoln's election to that of McClellan, caused me like regret and pain."

"If this opinion on my part is not correct as to yourself, I deeply regret it, not only my own and your account, personally, in view of a proper sense of justice to both, but much more from the firm belief that a like conviction north and south has done great injury to what I deem the best interests of our country."

"I cannot think, however, that the publication of my opinion as to your preference between the northern candidates published after, though written before the election will add anything to or modify in the least the impression on the minds of those men at the north to whom you allude, which was produced by the reading of your Columbia speech itself. The publication of the letter in which this conclusion of mine was expressed was a source of regret to me. I felt constrained to publish it, though not written or intended at all for the public, in vindication of myself. I was subjected to so many erroneous criticisms, as well as unjust attacks, as to my motives and objects in my difference with you on the subject of a convention of the states, and our true line of policy in regard to it, that I felt it to be a duty, no less to myself than to the public, to give the reasons for the views entertained by me should be made known. This was my sole object. I had not the slightest intention to attribute to you any sentiment which, from the facts stated, to say nothing of others, I did not fully authorize and even forced, though reluctantly, to believe that you entertained. Very respectfully,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS."



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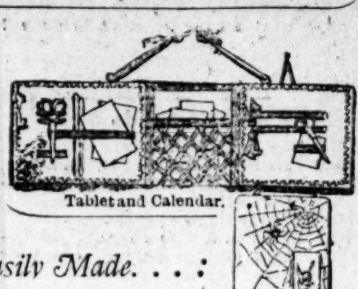
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A pert and saucy waist and rich walked through of Marietta street, and a vacant front of a vacant "Say!" he said "he down here." He drove his horse he spoke and "Cause, d-n more important on. See! Say, I turn for the mule I like her as he "Say, she's a beauty down. You'd see a little boy, you'd say, they'd be "Jer ever go "Day's out of a "Say, jer notice "Jer know it? An "know ter run on "know it made a "de street? Toug "Freddie. "Say, hadn't "garter till yist "Rex, Freddie, "Come come yit, "Presently a floc "around where th "They were wait "opened. They w "children, all und "dressed. They "very homes and "to take them "be there were b "that shone with "glowed with the "planned and th "of heavy "had not been ric "sauce. Some h "strain and the "to be a "run among the "even at their e "Mang and pro "rough element w "in contact. Th "have to work, "fourteen hour "their homes ar "that soften and "the schoolroom "I have never "the morning's ex "The rebellious "dreadfully tamed, "narrow table, "magnifying toge "Said the differ "were being mad "pleased the fan "talent of each "was being dem "which I suffer "less blocks. O "with other art "were deeply eng "A murmur of "the thunders "pared notes, lau "other and all st "There was a "youngest of the "On the top of "would have non "terat.

SUMMER HANDIWORK.



Year by year the pleasant custom of gift-making is on the increase, and many bits of fancy work, which help to while away the summer hours on hotel piazzas, are destined for Christmas remembrances or some of the autumn bazaars which help to raise funds for the various charities on whose resources such constant demand is made during the winter. So there is always a welcome for novelties or pretty variations of old ideas.

A convenient and novel article is the hanging tablet, which may be used for various purposes. It consists of a board, twenty-two inches long by nine wide, furnished at the top with two metal hooks to suspend it on the wall and ornamented with burnt work and colored painting on wood and leather. The middle of the space is occupied by a flat pocket, made of a piece of leather seven inches wide and six deep, decorated with a strip of leather an inch broad, fastened by ornamental nails. The leather is divided into squares, which are then pierced with the bead punch, and then bronzed, leaving smooth, narrow strips between the squares. The space above this pocket, which is intended to hold a paper or bill, is colored dark with the needle. On both sides of this pocket the wood is punched with the graver, and bronzed, leaving the outlines of the floral ornamentation, which are then painted with blue, red and yellow oil colors; a border composed of squares arranged diamond fashion and painted alternately green and red surrounds the whole. Across the ornamented surface stretch strips of leather of various lengths and widths, decorated by the platinum needle, with tiny stars or wheels. Bronze hooks at the corners and distributed at irregular intervals over the surface hold a bunch of keys, scissors, etc.

This would be an acceptable and useful article for a busy man's office, if made in leather, decorated solely with ornamental nails, and, if still further improved, with initials or monogram in the center of the pocket. For a collegian's room, it might be covered with silk, with bands of ribbon of various lengths and widths in the college colors, while "my lady's boudoir" could scarcely have a daintier ornament than a hanging tablet covered with white duck, embroidered or painted with tiny flowers in what is known as the Dresden style.

Another pretty affair may help solve for many a girl the problem of this year's Christmas gift to father, brother or friend. A piece of heavy cardboard nine and one-half inches wide by three and a half high, on which the design of the lucky spider in dark brown, and the fly in black. The little black calendar is gummed on. A braided leather cord is used to suspend it. If one has not the skill to paint, the idea can be carried out by fastening on a piece of cardboard, covered with silk or satin, one of the webs containing a spider and fly, which can be bought for a few cents at any shop that deals in Japanese goods.

Vell Board.
Here is an article which will certainly fulfill the annual demand for "something new," one of the charming little trifles whose value lies less in its utility than its novelty, and the fact that it was made by the donor's own hands. Besides the purpose for which it was originally designed, it would also be of service hung beside a dressing table as a cushion for hat or veil pins. The board is fourteen inches long and five inches wide, with a handle three and a half inches in length, and, after being covered with a layer of perfumed padding, has a second cover of rich white silk damask, on which is a spray of flowers wrought in old gold and moss green. For this design Roman boss silk is best; the heavy threads give better effect than lighter silks. The handle, after being gilded or painted with the pretty enamel paints in any appropriate shade, is ornamented with a full bow of old red ribbon an inch and a half wide.

Flower Pot Covers.
Covers of all kinds are offered to hide the plain red earthen pot, but many prove objectionable to the plants, and are, therefore, objectionable to lovers of real flowers. Paper covers, though not harmful, are rarely pleasing to the eye, and, therefore, the pretty variety shown in the illustration will be specially welcome.

This model has six pieces of cardboard eight inches high, four and a half inches broad at the top and three and a half at the bottom, but these measurements, and also the number of pieces, can be changed to suit the size of the pot. The pieces in the model are tied together with cigar ribbons, each bow requiring eleven inches.

The decoration of these pieces are little landscapes, similar to those in Japanese picture books, done in water colors, or simply black and white, and there is a touch of scarlet in the flowers or the plumage of the birds.

If the maker has not skill to do this, a charming effect could be produced by covering the paper with a pattern of paper, or by fastening with ribbon of the color chosen, and ornamented with irregular dashes of gold or silver paint.

Novelties for the Boudoir.
A dainty little chest of quartered oak or satin wood is a novelty, and if one is a collector, a necessity as well.

Fitted with lock and key it proves a safe receptacle for the costly treasures which the industrious person is getting together—perhaps of stamps, perhaps of book plates. The chest is about twelve inches high, a foot wide and two feet long; if made to order the dimensions must be regulated by the size of the collection.

The prettiest ones are made of quartered oak, with panels of satin wood, upon which a design has been etched, usually in various colors, possibly a gay cavalier and his lady love, or cupids and a bower of roses—any design that is effective will answer the purpose. A master—your own and your coat-of-arms must form the decoration of the top of the chest. Put in one corner of your morning room or boudoir, the chest will certainly adorn the spot and elicit many an exclamation: "Oh, how pretty, and what is it for?" It is always so nice to have a novelty to introduce to a friend.

Still another new thing—a charming little frame made of oak for holding photographs, that is, just four pictures in one frame with four divisions. The pictures are slipped in at the back, and each one has a glass over its face. The affair is really four frames in one; it is hung upon the wall and the little shelf which forms the upper part of the frame serves nicely to hold some trifling ornament, perhaps a little vase, with a few flowers. Our English friends are quite devoted to this style of framing pictures of intimate friends and lately they have been introduced here.

Some Bits of Fashion.
Opals cut round like pearls are the present craze among gems.

Wreaths of small flowers are worn around the hair at the back with evening dress.

The pearl and china handles for parasols are more popular than those of gold and silver.

White and gold belt buckles, cuff buttons and studs do not seem to be in vogue, and are in great demand.

A new corsage ornament is modeled after

a spray of maidenhair fern, prettily blended in enamel and studded with diamond dew drops.

Dainty little spangled empire fans are being sold for evening use. They look very good, especially if one's gown is at all in keeping.

For the rowing season an appropriate scarf pin in gold is designed after a shell, with outcrops and feet complete, and mounted with precious stones.

The newest chair cushion has the frill on but three sides. The side that is plain rests against the seat and the other three upon the top and sides of the back.

Exquisite covers for baby pillows are of very fine linen lawn with hemstitched border edged with tulle lace, a row of brier stitching in white above the hem, the surface of the pillow strewn with wreaths of pink hawthorn embroidered in filo-floss.

A new belt designed for a young girl who still affects white and blue muslin frocks has a large hawthorn wreath of silver with a rousée edge and set diagonally with three large turquoises. This is attached to a pale silk band and is the personification of girlish simplicity.

The sweet scented garden violet is now being put to a new use. The society girl takes her violets, and at the close of the day's wearing, while yet fresh, pours boiling milk over them and lets them stand till cold, then applies it to the skin to keep it soft and free from wrinkles.

The unique Japanese have a way of illustrating current events in their dress. For instance, just now Japanese ladies adorn their hair with impaled Chinese soldiers, flags and warships, while at other times the hairpins may be political, theatrical, poetical, fanciful or humorous, as the case may be.

There are small leather jewel cases made expressly for holding cuff buttons, collar and shirt studs and scarfpins. The box proper is divided into small partitions, lined with chamol, which hold the studs and buttons, while the pins are held by tiny straps inside the cover. The shades of leather in which these cases may be had are many.

The following recipe for a sachet to be among the toilet towels has proven to be most delightful. Two ounces oforris powder, one ounce of powder of cloves, one ounce and a half of cassia in coarse powder, one ounce and a half of allspice, eight ounces of lavender flowers, one-quarter ounce of yellow sandalwood, rasped, ten to fifteen drops of attar of roses. Mix thoroughly.

A novel workbox can be made by lining the bottom of a tambourine with quilted satin of any desirable shade, while between the metal clappers are spools, thimbles, wax, etc. If desired, a second tambourine a size larger may be converted into a cover by lining it with satin ribbon across it in such a way as to form compartments for scissors, papers or needles and other necessities of a sewing outfit.

Studs for the summer girl's waist are in great variety. They are sold in sets of three, attached to a fine gold chain. For the sentimental young woman there are heart-shaped gold studs, with a tiny seed pearl in the center. Others show a very small green garnet, encased in gold, while still others are of white enamel, decorated in gold to match the link cuff buttons. The most elaborate of these are of gold studded with jewels.

A VISIT TO THE EMPRESS.
An interesting account of an American woman's audience with Her.

She is young, beautiful, wealthy, the bearer of a great title, and yet she is happy, decorously happy, virtuously happy. She doesn't flirt like Ouida's women in thirties, she doesn't court other women's husbands. She doesn't take journeys across the water with the brothers of her friends. No, indeed, she is in love and with her own husband. Just as much in love as any little middle class maid who marries a man of her choice without having to consider whether his father wore a coronet or his mother rode in a carriage with a crest. Who is she? Why, the empress of all the Russias, to be sure, and an American woman who was received by her recently tells about it in an interesting way.

"First," she says, "one must be notified by the grand mistress of the court at what hour her majesty will receive. She is in the country now, so the lady left St. Petersburg at the hour appointed. Arriving at the country station, a magnificent footman in waiting, who asked if this was Madame A. Being answered in the affirmative he escorted her to a court carriage, where a driver and footman were in brilliant liveries and wore hats.

"After a drive of twenty minutes through a picturesque park the chateau was reached. At the door stood a number of servants in gay liveries.

"The lady was taken to a room furnished in red satin, where the lady in waiting, Countess Z., gave her tea off a gold service from cups of the finest Sevres. A few moments elapsed before it was announced that the empress was ready, so the lady was now shown into a very large room done in blue satin. Coming to meet her was a girl looking very young, quite fair and rather tall. This was the empress. She was dressed in black chiffon, the whole coat being still in deep mourning for the late emperor. At her neck she wore a small miniature of her husband, the young emperor. It was surrounded by immense diamonds. On her fingers were many

splendid rings and on her arms bangles of chains, each clasp a large stone. In her ears were splendid pearls.

"She was very shy at first, but afterwards most charming, and talked entirely about her family, whom she loves and whom the lady knew.

"The audience lasted about half an hour, when the young empress withdrew, leaving a charming impression of youth, beauty and simplicity. The lady was then shown over the chateau. In one of the great halls were the wedding presents of the emperor of Russia, which had just arrived; a collection of costly rugs, masses of shimmering, splendid stuffs and a great tea service of gold inlaid with uncut stones."

GOWNS WORN AT THE RACES.
A Description of Some of the Grand Prix Frocks Seen at the Grand Prix.

The Paris fashion letters now are full of descriptions of the race gowns worn at that gay city, and no garments could be more fetching than these. One of the prettiest has a low blouse, full elbow sleeves and a skirt, in pink corrugated crepon, with a profusion of blue ribbon in mirror velvet.

A shower of jet strings in the Louis VI. delicate shade brightens up the blouse, which is secured to the waist and shoulders with a band of beaded lace, similar to the neck insertion around the blue yoke and the wider one which heads the ribbon loop trimming on the skirt.

The straw bonnet is profusely trimmed with pink and white heather, encircling a plique of treble loops in chene ribbon. The parasol is in pink silk, veiled with white chiffon and edged with lace, and there is a bow of blue and pink chiffon.

The other delicious costume is made of chamelon silk, with a full gold set skirt and gathering bodice with basque.

There is a large collar in white satin, a vest of chiffon, with neck band and small

of the dress. The sleeves are made very full. Both simple wooden goods and richest materials are used in this style, and it is likely that velvets will be used in the same manner during the coming winter.

Grand Prix Costumes.
Everybody is still talking about the exquisite gowns worn at the Grand Prix. There were spotted muslins worn over colored silk skirts and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; in fact lace was used in every form, yokes, deep collars, epaulets, insertions, etc.

In point of style, however, there was absolutely nothing beyond what we have been wearing for the last few months. Full balloon sleeves to the elbow, skirts measuring about seven yards around, embroidered and all-lace bodices were the order of the day. The variety lay in the material.

Pale pink muslins, with white dots and lines, ornamented at the seams of the skirt with a sort of strapping of pleated muslin, edges and Valenciennes, were much remarked. I also noticed many crepons with white tiny satin stripes and some beautiful pompadour silks and embroidered and printed lines over colored skirts, chiefly maize over mauve, but all made with the waist inside the skirt and a ribbon tied either at the side or in the center of the back. Ivy and jet spangles on white satin collars and narrow emplacements were also worn; but I repeat that although I saw many charming dresses, there was nothing positively novel to chronicle.

Since the death of the duchess of Leinster her sister, Lady Helen Vincent, is accounted the handsomest woman in London. The photographs of the duchess and her beautiful younger sister are familiar to the American public, for they were sold in this country long before American women of high birth and position allowed their pho-

tographs to be used in any public way. Lady Helen Vincent is of slender figure, with a perfect bust, full arms and a face exquisitely chiseled and denoting intelligence of a high order. Her skin is white with the whiteness of snow, her eyes are a light blue. Her husband, Sir Edgar Vincent, not so many years ago was voted the handsomest man in the household troops, to which he belongs in the capacity of captain in the Coldstream Guards. At present he occupies the lucrative position of financial adviser to the khedive and director general of the Ottoman bank.

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FOLK LORE CONGRESS

Will Be Held in Atlanta the Last

Week of This Year.

HAMLIN GARLAND WILL ATTEND

It Was Secured by the Woman's Board
Other Meetings Held by the
Woman's Board.

The woman's department was livelier yesterday than it has been for some time. Mrs. Thompson occupied the chair after an absence of several days.

The Colonial Dames of North Carolina have accepted the invitation to be present on November 15th and 16th, the days assigned for colonial ceremonies.

One of the most important congresses will be the National Farmers' Congress. In this congress their interest as well as their pursuits will be discussed. This will be one of the big days during the exposition. There will be representatives from all over the country present.

October 22 the lady managers of the world's fair will be entertained by the woman's board. Mrs. Potter Palmer and other ladies of note will be here.

The Wednesday following October 22 will be Georgetown day. Mrs. Lochrane-Stell is chairman of the committee to arrange the programme.

Mrs. Ellen Wheeler Barrett, secretary of the International Folklore Congress, has written an acceptance of the invitation to be present and hold their congress here. They will bring a large crowd of prominent men and women from all over the country to this city. Among them will be Hamlin Garland, the celebrated western poet. December 28th and 30th are the dates set for the meeting of this congress.

Mrs. Governor Hastings, of Harrisburg, has accepted the invitation to act as chairman on Pennsylvania day. Mrs. Hastings is a lady well loved in her state and is very bright and entertaining.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has received a large box from Mrs. Anna Macgill, of Pennsylvania, of donations for their exhibit. The ladies of this organization are very grateful for this nice donation and appreciate it.

On Grady day Mrs. Grady, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Miss Winnie Davis will occupy seats of honor. Mrs. Clarence Knowles, chairman, has written Mrs. Grant to be present on this day and to participate in the exercises.

The third week in November there will be a religious congress, where the women of different denominations will meet. The object is for the ladies to arrange a broad missionary field in which they can work and still retain their denominations.

Mrs. Albert Cox, chairman of the household economics, received a letter from Secretary Algar M. Wheeler, of the New York commission, stating that \$3,000 had been given by the state of New York for the building and maintenance of the working-man's model home. With this amount they can make one of the most interesting exhibits that will be seen at the exposition.

Mrs. Cox and the entire board is delighted over the promise of such a nice exhibit for the woman's department.

From October 10th to October 16th, inclusive, the King's Daughters will be the visitors to the woman's department. They will bring a large delegation with them and will have six days to view the exposition.

More Hotels.
Two parties with capital will entertain a reception from a reliable person to select for them a 100-room hotel within three blocks of the exposition grounds and on three electric car lines, the person having the money to the company of moral responsibility. Address, giving best references, P. O. Box 721.A RECEIVER APPOINTED.
Judge Clark heard an application for a receiver for the Douglasville co-operative store yesterday and J. H. McClarty was made temporary receiver and the stock was placed in his possession by an order of court.

The charges upon which the application was made were brought by Dr. T. R. Whitley. He claimed that he was a stockholder in the store and that upon his request to make an examination of the books of the store he was refused. For this reason he asked that the property be placed in the hands of a receiver and that an investigation be made.

As soon as the order was granted Mr. G. F. Davenport, the manager of the store, was notified by wire and he came at once to Atlanta. With him he brought Attorney J. V. Edge, of Douglasville, and when the city was reached the services of Colonel W. C. Glenn were secured.

Before Judge Clark it was shown that Dr. Whitley had purchased \$15 worth of stock from a party named Morris, and that the sale of the stock had not been recognized by him for the reason that Dr. Whitley was not an alliance man, and the by-laws of that order did not permit any one outside of the order to hold stock in the store. When Dr. Whitley demanded access to the books Mr. Davenport promptly refused for the reasons stated.

After hearing the testimony Judge Clark restored the stock of goods to the possession of Mr. Davenport and will hear the receivership case within the next ten days.

TO BE BURIED AT BELTON.
The Remains of Miss Hornsburger To Be Taken There.

The body of Miss Emma Hornsburger, who committed suicide Friday by taking an ounce of laudanum, will be carried to Belton, Ga., this morning, where it will be interred this afternoon.

Coroner Paden held an inquest over the dead body of the young woman yesterday morning, the jury coming to a verdict that she came to her death by taking an overdose of laudanum with suicidal intent.

An account of the suicide of Miss Hornsburger appeared in yesterday's Constitution. She was found in her room at the Swanee house on South Pryor street in an unconscious condition about 1 o'clock in the afternoon by Mrs. Johnson, proprietor of the boarding house. The woman had taken an ounce of laudanum from a glass which lay on the table empty, and she was too far gone to be brought back to life, despite the hard work of the physicians who were called.

Mrs. J. N. Coggins, of Belton, a sister of the young woman, came to Atlanta Friday night in response to a telegram from her charge of the body and had it prepared for burial at Belton today. Mrs. Coggins said that her sister came to Atlanta about two years ago and that she had been in bad health for a long time, which fact caused her to become despondent. She said it was not for the reason that her sister had no work that she killed herself, but on account of her continued ill health.

Excursion to Cox College.
On Monday afternoon this summer the Atlanta and West Point railroad will run an excursion train to the Southern Female college, at Manchester, for 10 cents round trip station at 3 o'clock, and returning leaves Manchester at 5 o'clock.

The management of the college will receive visitors at this time and will furnish music. Old pupils, friends, prospective students, and visitors are cordially invited. Tickets are on sale at the union ticket office.

July 21-22.

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It is much easier to be critical than to be correct. We lose individuality in this world in the measure that we BLINDLY conform to the customs and ideas of others. Customs and ideas, as a general rule, are time worn and out of date. Distinctly so is the belief of some people that the prices of drugs should be advanced. Here's our logical belief: He who sells at a small profit, sells quickly. He who quickly sells, sells much. He who, much, at small profit quickly sells, earns little on much, and much by many.

This store is a unique store. This uniqueness consists in not only being unlike any other store, but in doing things differently and better. This course has left us without comparable competition. Masterful buying for the supply of our public brings more interesting prices than are to be found anywhere else in this broad land. Today's few offers are but an added proof of the facts stated. Money does double duty here.

Smith's Sure Catch Sticky Fly Paper, a dozen sheets.....	25c
Jacobs' Lavender Ammonia.....	10c
Aunt Fanny's Blackberry Cordial.....	50c
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.....	68c
Ayer's Hair Vigor.....	57c
Brown's Iron Bitters.....	68c
Bradfield's Female Regulator.....	68c
"B. B. B." Botanic Blood Balm.....	68c
Benson's Capsule Plasters.....	15c
Beef, Wine and Iron (Jacobs').....	25 and 50c
Carter's Little Liver Pills.....	13c
Castoria.....	25c
Cuticura Soap.....	15c
Cuticura Soap.....	10c
Cuticura Resolvent.....	75c
Cuticura Salve.....	35c
Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills.....	\$1.50
Canadian Catarrh Cure.....	35c
Catarrh Cure, Palmer's Warranted.....	50c
California Fig Syrup.....	35c
Fellow's Hypophosphites.....	99c
Hires' Root Beer.....	18c
Hood's Sarsaparilla.....	68c
Injection "G".....	68c
Injection "Malado".....	68c
Injection "Black Crook," cures unnatural discharges.....	66c
Imperial Granum.....	60c
Jacobs' Emulsion Cod Liver Oil.....	50c
Japanese Pile Cure.....	50c
Dr. Long's Hair Balsam.....	30c
Lydia Pinkham's Female Compound.....	68c
Luxonui.....	68c
Dr. Long's Sarsaparilla, the best, large bottle, strong mixture, small dose.....	50c
Liquid Celery Phosphate, for building up weak, nervous people. Strongly recommended.....	60c
Jacobs' Bedbug Killer.....	25c
Sun Cholera Mixture.....	25c
Blackberry Diarrhea Cordial.....	25c

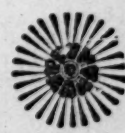


"You read Jacobs' ads?"
"Of course I do. There is so much to learn from them and so much money saved by buying there. Every woman reads them."

Tiger Paste.....	25c
Talcum Baby Powder.....	15c
Malted Milk.....	40 and 75c
Malted Milk, hospital size.....	\$3.00
Mother's Friend.....	75c
Mad. Yale's Hair Tonic.....	68c
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.....	68c
Mellin's Food.....	37 and 59c
Raspberry Vinegar.....	35c
Cutilina Skin Lotion.....	50c
Dr. Miles' Liver Pills.....	15c
Mad. Robinnaire's Face Bleach.....	\$1.00
Munyon's Homoeopathic Remedies—	
25c size.....	15c
50c size.....	35c
Mad. Rupert's Face Bleach.....	\$1.50
Dr. Pierce's Golden Med. Discovery.....	69c
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....	69c
Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets.....	15c
Paine's Celery Compound.....	68c
Palmer's Little Black Pills.....	13c
P. P. P.....	68c
Peruda.....	68c
Pozzoni's Face Powder.....	34c
Pond's Extract.....	34c
Royal Germetuer.....	67c
Simmons' Liver Regulator, Red Z.....	15c
Simmons' Liver Regulator, Liquid.....	68c
Sandal Midy.....	75c
Swan's Capsules Copaiba.....	10 and 18c
Shaker's Digestive Cordial.....	83c
S. S. S., Small 55c; Large.....	95c
Sage's Catarrh Cure.....	34c
Scott & Browne's Cod Liver Oil.....	66c
Tyner's Dyspepsia Cure.....	30c
Thedford's Black Draught.....	15c
Wine of Cardui.....	68c
Williams' Pink Pills.....	35c
Wampole's Cod Liver Oil.....	68c
Warner's Liver and Kidney Cure.....	85c
Wilcox Tansy Pills.....	\$1.50



JACOBS' PHARMACY.



Everything Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Branch: Corner Peachtree and Decatur Streets.

THE DELAYED REPRIEVE.

The governor's private secretary was not an early riser, and on this hot July morning with nothing particular to do, he turned over at 5 o'clock for a good long nap.

But he was vaguely conscious that somebody was banging at his door, and in a few moments the knocks were so loud that he could no longer pretend that he did not hear them.

The young man left his bed languidly and in the worst possible temper. Seizing a cane he went to the door, and the determined look on his face boded no good to the person outside.

Suddenly pulling the stick down with a whack upon the disturber of his rest. "The devil!" shouted the victim of the attack. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Beg pardon," replied the other. "I thought it was my negro Tom knocking me up at this unconscionable hour. I had no idea that it was anybody else. Come right in and tell me what I can do for you."

The governor entered the room, muttering something about a good joke, but his countenance indicated great nervousness and anxiety.

The secretary renewed his apology, but his chief waved him aside. "It's all right," he said. "Jump into your clothes in a hurry. I want you to take a long ride."

"What's up?" asked the secretary, hastily getting into his garments.

"Just this," said the governor. "That Mexican girl charged with poisoning her lover hangs at Tinta at 11 o'clock today. Here is a reprieve. Take it and ride like a whirlwind to the place. You can reach by 10 or half past 10 o'clock. Give this to the sheriff at once and then return. Say nothing to anybody else. No one dreams of the reprieve."

"But, governor, may I ask—"

"Time presses," was the answer. "Your horse awaits you at the door. Say nothing to a soul and lose not a moment!"

The secretary took the paper and carefully thrust it into an inside pocket. "Is the girl, this Maria Alvarez, innocent?" was his next question.

"I think so," was the response. "The reprieve is for thirty days, and before the time is out I shall pardon her. I have private information that justifies me. But hurry up, Howard. Time flies!"

The two parted at the door, the governor going to his hotel, and his messenger speeding forth on his mission.

The streets were deserted, with the exception of a few negroes and Mexicans, and the governor attracted no attention as he walked homeward.

Howard put spurs to his horse and soon left the little southwestern town which had recently been made the capital of the new state.

"I don't like the job," he said to himself. "If the Alvarez girl is innocent, why all this secrecy? It is a queer piece of business, and I fear that my friend the governor, is at his tricks again. Is he courting the Mexican element? Hanged if I can tell what it is up to!"

The rider darted onward over hills and down into valleys, through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of the southwest.

Hour after hour rolled by, and the secretary finally halted for a brief rest by a shady spring.

"Ten o'clock!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch. "I can make the trip in half an hour, and then there will be one happy girl in Tinta!"

With a laugh, "but they would not make much out of me. Wonder if they would take my horse and prevent the reprieve from reaching Tinta on time?"

He turned pale at the thought, and again spurred his horse.

A rifle cracked in the bushes forty yards away, and a sideline horse flew down the road, leaving Howard flat on his back and unconscious from a slight flesh wound where the bullet had grazed his forehead.

When the secretary's senses returned he found himself in bed at the ranch of one of his friends.

In reply to his frantic questions he was told that he had been found unconscious in the road and carried to the ranch. His pockets were empty, and it was evident that he had been robbed.

He was out of danger, but it was Saturday morning, and he was due at Tinta the day before.

The secretary groaned and buried his face in the pillow.

"Did they hang Maria Alvarez yesterday?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," answered his host. "I saw her executed, and she died protesting her innocence. Pity she wasn't pardoned, or at least reprieved."

Howard said nothing. The governor had instructed him to say nothing about the matter.

"I am glad that you got off with only a slight wound," said the governor. "Have a cigar."

The secretary joined the great man in a smoke and studied his face.

"I heard," said he, "that the sheriff hated to hang that girl. He waited until past eleven, and looked up the road apparently hoping for a reprieve."

"Yes," replied the governor, "a sad case—very sad indeed. By the way, Howard, here what these papers say."

The governor read editorials from several newspapers commending his conduct in allowing the law to take its course in the case of Maria Alvarez. All of them agreed that he was a man of Roman firmness, and all declared that he was needed in the United States Senate.

"This will elect me," remarked the governor with a smile.

Howard extended his congratulations in a halting way, but his embarrassment was not observed.

"And now," said the governor, "I want you to see the Mexican members of the legislature and all their friends and tell them confidentially about the reprieve. Make them promise not to make it public."

The secretary nodded, and after receiving other instructions, went out to execute the orders of the autocrat.

"Did he cause me to be waylaid and half killed?" he asked himself. "It looks that way, but I may do him an injustice. How cunning he is! He makes votes because the girl was hanged, and other votes on account of the reprieve. He's too-deep for me, and we must part company pretty soon."

The senator returned the look with interest. "Sorry to part with you," he said. "Be good to yourself. Goodbye!"

WALLACE P. REED.

Red Books Help Degeneration.
Max Nordau in The Forum.

To recommend degenerate books to neurotic or hysterical readers is not only to vaccinate, but to inoculate them. There is here certainly a communication of the disease. An unhealthy imagination finds in the wild lubrications of the degenerates welcome nourishment and a pattern zealously to be imitated. Every dormant inclination is awakened and monstrously developed by this sort of reading. Far from causing a satisfaction of these morbid tendencies that shall no longer seek perpetration in deeds, such reading only strengthens what becomes an imperative necessity to commit crime and immorality.

I could cite dozens of cases from the criminal records of the past few years where thieves, housebreakers, and murderers indicated that the primal conception of their misdeeds arose from the perusal of sensational novels in which malefactors were exalted and their heroic deeds expatiated upon with enthusiasm. I do not assert that these individuals were made criminals by what they read. Their natures were perverse by birth and education. The propensity to crime was organic. But who can say that the perusal of immoral books was not the direct cause which governed their latent instincts, producing a well-defined aim? Indeed, the malefactors themselves believed this to be so. Could I but relate the moral devastations traceable to the reading of Nietzsche, and Ibsen which I have seen in actual life!

Return of a Swindler.
Chattanooga, Tenn., July 20.—(Special.)—Johnnie P. Owens, the sick young attorney, who worked such well-known citizens of this city as Chris. Bauman, Henry Schwartz and John Store for neat little sums of money last week and tried the same game in Cincinnati only to be caught at Covington, Ky., was brought back from that city today. Johnnie is the son of a Baptist minister at Brownwood, Tex.

DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVISON

61 Whitehall st.
Half block on Broad.

Shoes

Are sold here cheaper than at shoe stores because we can afford to sell them cheaper. We don't have to get all our profits from our shoe business.

Ladies' tan and black Oxfords and Strap Sandals, Misses tan and black one strap Sandals, on bargain table **At \$1.00**
Ladies' vici kid Oxfords, needle, opera, square and C. S. toes, patent tip, regular \$2.50 value, **At \$1.75**
Ladies' French kid hand sewed button and lace Oxfords, tan and black, all the new toes, **At \$2.00**
Misses' tan and black Oxfords, heel and spring heel, patent tip, **At 35c**
Misses' patent vamp one strap Sandals, hand turned, **At \$1.25**
Child's tan and black one strap Sandals, patent tip and plain, **At \$1.00**
Men's tan Russia calf lace Shoes, pointed cap toe, **At \$2.00**
Men's French calf hand sewed lace and Congress Shoes, ten styles of toe, regular \$5.00 goods, **At \$3.50**
Boys' tan Russia calf lace shoes, pointed toe, **At \$1.75**

When We Sell Carpets

At prices like these it's like throwing money away to buy before seeing our lines.

Extra super Ingrains, all wool and specially selected designs, **30c Yard**
Tapestry Brussels Carpeting. If familiar with the usual figures these will interest you. Special patterns **41c Yard**
We make shades to order from a big stock of Hollands—75c and up according to size.
Body Brussels Carpets, patterns to suit, **\$1.00 per Yard**
Ingrain Art Squares, size 3 by 3 yards, **At \$3.50 each**
Bamboo Porch Awnings, size 5, 8 and 10 feet, **Price \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$3.00 each**

Summer Jewelry

Sterling finished Belt Pins, also Black Belt Pins,

Genuine Sterling Silver Belt Pins, **Each 10c**
Sterling Silver Belt Buckles, exquisite designs, **Each 25c**
Silvered Belt Buckles, a complete variety, also black, **Each 98c**
Each 25c
Sets for ladies' waists, sleeves and collar and cuff buttons, enameled, frosted silver and many other pretty finishes, **Per set 25c**

Ladies' Belts

Black silk Belts with silvered Buckles, nice assortment buckles, **Each 25c**

Table Linens

Half bleached, heavy grade, a strong linen, and the kind that wears, **40c Yard**

Cream Damask, 52 inch width, tip top grade, and a really remarkable value at **50c Yard**
72 inch bleached Scotch Damask, satin finish, latest patterns, and most excellent quality, **75c Yard**

Towels

Honeycomb cotton Towels, very fair size, **6 for 20c**

Extra heavy honeycomb cotton Towels, size 24 by 45 inches, **10c Each, \$1.00 Dozen**
All linen Huck Towels, with plain hem, size 22 by 44 inches, **15c Each, a Dozen for \$1.75**

Colored Dress Goods

The timely sorts that are wanted

right now. French Serge, in navy blue only, for skirts or full costumes, 50 inches wide, **65c Yard**
60 inch Storm Serge, a tip top quality. Instead of \$1.25, **We get \$1.00**
50 inch Clay Worsted, the best and latest of the serge family, **85c Yard**
French Challies—the 65c printed Challies, the best goods made, **Now going at 25c yard**
Pattern Suits—only eleven more, hardly enough to talk about; some have been to \$20.00; **Choice now at \$5.00**

Black Dress Goods

Still hold their popularity.

38 inch German Henrietta, fine twill, all wool, silk finish, **50c Yard**
40 inch figured and brocaded Brilliantine, very special value at **39c Yard**
50 inch wide wale Storm Serge, the handsomest cloth of the season, **75c Yard**
50 inch Sicilian, the fabric now most used for Skirts, **85c Yrd**
Moreen, for Skirts and linings. We are selling lots of it. The price is **50c Yard**

DOUGLAS THOMAS & DAVISON

Visitors to this store the coming week will find many surprises awaiting them. It is our semi-annual stock taking time, and we are closing all odds and ends and small lots, in short order. In most cases the quantities are too small to advertise, as they will go as soon as put on the counters. Be on hand and get the benefit of the closing out of many summer lines.

Hosiery

Ladies' Lisle thread Hose, Fast Black and Tan drop stitch and plain,

33 1-3c Pair

Gents' Lisle thread Half Hose fast black, **10c Pair**

Infants' Lisle thread Hose fast black 1-1 rib, **25c Pair**

Misses' Lisle thread Hose fast black, fine 1-1 French rib, **25c Pair**

Gents' Silk Plated Half Hose, fast black, **33 1-3c Pair**

Ladies' Silk Plated Hose, fast black Leather and Opera Shades, **50c Pair**

Infants' Pure thread bright silk Hose fast black fine 1-1 French rib, **50c Pair**

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Handkerchiefs

Sold here are invariably the best obtainable.

Ladies' and Children's all pure linen unlaundried hemstitched, 7 1-2c each; a dozen **For 90c**

Men's unlaundried all pure linen hemstitched, full size, **Each 12 1-2c**

Ladies' pure linen soft bleach white hemstitched, 3 width hems, **Each 10c**

Men's fine sheer, white soft bleach hemstitched inch, half and quarter inch hems, 25 each, **A dozen for \$2.75**

Men's full size cotton Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, colored border, **Each 10c**

Ladies' unlaundried all pure linen embroidered Handkerchiefs, work done by hand in the convents of Europe, embroidered corners and scalloped edges, **Each 10c**

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Stationery

That big purchase of Writing Pads is by odds the biggest deal ever made in the retail stationery trade. Choice of thousands of pads worth to 25c each, **At 2 for 5c**

Our No. 1 Plate, smooth finish, good weight, ruled or unruled, full note size, put up in pound packages and sold by the pound at **15c**

Real Irish Linen—our old time reliable quality linen paper—sold in quarter ream packages **At 25c**

Or by the quire **At 5c**

Envelopes to match both papers priced above, **Per package 5c**

Tinted Society Stationery, all the fashionable tints, in handsome monogram boxes, **Pr box 25c**

That famous Black Box, containing two quires of paper and 50 envelopes to match, the very best value ever put on sale, **Box 25c**

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Laundry Soap

Enough for this week's sale only. That fine assortment of toilet soaps, 3 cakes in a box, being closed **At 10c Box**

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At 10c Box

VOL. XXVIII

ATLANTA, GA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Active

at

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

Hammers are resounding, saws are buzzing, trowels are clicking! There'll be new elegance and convenience in the old store before long. These improvements were planned months ago, and we thought a quiet time had been set for the building flurry. But the throngs of customers are immense, and there is great reason for the interest. We never had such complete mastery over the merchandise in daily need. Bargains were never before so numerous, so diversified, so opportune. The changes going on curtail our selling room. If you see one department blocked, turn to the right or the left. We'll take care that you get what you want.

... BOUNTIFUL BUILDING BARGAINS ...

Prices average lower in this colossal sale than ever before. We offer our entire stock at and below cost. Although we lose money, we're no less pleased that you gain. Among the numerous attractive items---

Best American Zephyr Gingham, choice dress styles in all the pretty colorings and designs, worth 12½c; present price... 4 1-2c

A large assortment of Cotton Challis and Figured Muslins, neat goods for house wrappers, worth 10c; present price... 3c

Superb lines of Printed Jaconet Duchess, Printed Dimities and Printed Batiste Swisses, regularly worth 15c; present price... 10c

Half-wool Printed Challis and Novelty Plisse in all the rare and dainty colorings and crinkles, worth 20c; present price... 10c

Imported French Plisse, one of the newest and most exclusive Wash Fabrics of this season, worth 25c; present price... 15c

All-wool Challis, light and dark grounds with artistic and unique printings, limited quantity, worth 49c; present price... 25c

Printed French Organdie, the fine, sheer, beautiful sort with graceful designs and loveliest tints, worth 40c; present price... 25c

All our Wash Silks, Swivel Silks, Pongee Silks and Kaikai Silks in stripes and figures, worth up to 60c; present price... 25c

A new line of rich and lustrous Taffetas in small and medium shepherd checks, all colors, worth 65c; present price... 39c

Black Self-figured Chinas and Fancy Figured India Silks in a wilderness of patterns and colors, worth 75c; present price... 49c

A variety of Persian Taffetas in all the glaze and iridescent effects, stripes, figures and checks, worth up to \$1.25; at... 73c

All-wool Colored Crepons, including seventeen of the most popular shades, double widths and made to retail at 85c; present price... 35c

All-wool French Crepons, all the popular street colors, imported within the last thirty days, worth \$1.75 the yard; present price... 75c

Black Mohair and Sicilian Cloth, 56 inches wide; \$2.00 grade at \$1.25; \$1.50 grade at 75c and the regular 75c grade at... 35c

All-wool Black Challis, full 38 inches wide, product of a famous French mill, drapes and wears well, worth 65c; present price... 35c

All-wool Black Storm Serge, fine, sturdy English goods, \$1.00 grade, 52 in. wide at 65c and 85c grade, 46 in. wide at... 49c

Striped and Figured Duck Suits, made with Tuxedo and Eton Coat, all sizes ready for Monday, those we sold at \$3.00 are now... \$1.48

Striped and Figured Duck Suits, made with Tuxedo and Eton Coat, all sizes in stock Monday, those we sold at \$3.50 are now... \$1.98

Pique and Duck Suits, all colors and the swellest of designs, Tuxedo and Eton Coat—wonderful values, those we sold at \$4.50 are now... \$2.48

White Duck Suits, splendid quality material, Coat and Skirt made up in the very best and newest style, worth \$5.50; now... \$3.75

Over five hundred Percale Shirt Waists, principally in stripes, laundered cuffs and collars, full front and back, big sleeves, worth up to \$1.00; choice... 48c

All our finest Shirt Waists—solid colored French Cambric, fancy Madras, Batiste and Irish Lawns, worth up to \$2.50; present price... \$1.25

... DAMASKS AND TOWELS ...

Here's welcome news for hundreds of housewives and hotel keepers within a radius of fifty miles of this store. To-morrow we continue the most marvelous Mid-Summer distribution of Table Damasks and Towels ever attempted in any Southern community. Last week's selling was tremendously large—we broke our own best record, and it was a big one to break. This week's business must not fall short of its peerless predecessor. If possible will urge it on to even grander results. To accomplish this there's been a general cutting and slashing of prices, and you'll see to the cutting of the goods.

60-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth 65c; at... 45c

62-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth 75c; at... 57c

68-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth \$1.00; at... 73c

72-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth \$1.25; at... 95c

Honey-Comb Bath Towels, long fringe, size 24x40, worth 20; at... 10c

Huck-a-Back Linen Towels, fringe and borders, 24x38, worth 20c... 12c

Huck-a-back Linen Towels, fringe and borders, 24x40, worth 25c... 15c

Satin Damask Towels, fringe and borders, 20x40, worth fully 30c... 19c

BLANKETS, QUILTS AND COMFORTABLES.

This is an event of unequalled and matchless interest! To buy sturdy, honest, pure wool Blankets at the prices prevailing during the few days of this sale is equivalent to making the dollar you spend worth a hundred and fifty cents. So much under value are the goods now in our possession that to mark them at ruling and current rates and values would make us more money than to sell them. But such a course is contrary to our policy. We need—the workmen demand—the space they occupy.

So, Fair Warning to All!

These lots cannot in the nature of things last many days, and any night this week may find us compelled to end the offerings for want of stocks along the lines now quoted.

10x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$2.25; at... \$1.25

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$3.00; at... \$1.98

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$3.75; at... \$2.75

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$4.50; at... \$3.00

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$5.00; at... \$3.50

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$6.00; at... \$4.00

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$6.50; at... \$4.50

11x4 Wool Blankets, worth \$7.50; at... \$5.00

220 Fine Crocheted Quilts, worth up to \$1.25; at... 75c

180 Extra Marseilles Quilts, worth up to \$1.50; at... 98c

At Half Price!

Over four hundred Bed Comfortables. Calico Covers filled with clean carded cotton. Sateen Covers filled with pure, selected cotton. Figured China, Japanese and India Silk Covers filled with softest and fluffiest down. Your choice of each lot at about half their real value.

... A VITAL SHOE CLIMAX ...

Our splendid Shoe stock thrown out at prices that hardly pay for the leather. Finest workmanship and best styles and you secure both with out slightest cost. There is no comparison. Competing dealers who make the effort fail at every point. Just the season for Oxford Ties and Strapped Slippers. We have them, any kind wanted, and the prices are ridiculously low. The old Shoe store is in ruins, and we must get rid of the goods, no matter what the loss to us.

'Never Was a Time Like Now.

The history of Shoe selling does not furnish a parallel case with this exceptional closing-out sale. Values that are as real and pronounced as gold dollars are being offered at liberal discounts. Men, women and children take notice and come quick for Shoes. Complete range of sizes.

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

7 Summer Specials.



200 Stone Filters.

Just Like This

Now in Stock

Only \$2.75 Each

The Best Made; the Original Stoue Filter; the Only Good One;

Reduced to \$2.75.

REFRIGERATORS.

Closing out our entire line of the celebrated Jewett Cold-Blast Refrigerators and Ice Boxes, \$3.50 and upward to \$25.00.

FLY FANS.

Good ones at \$1.50. The Revolving Disc Fan, the Finest on Earth, at \$3.50.

CREAM FREEZERS.

All the best makes, \$1.00, \$1.25.

FRUIT JARS.

Mason's Jars, Porcelain Tops, 1 quart size, 90 cents per dozen. 2 quart size, \$1.19.

COOLERS.

Biggest line of Coolers in the South. Coolers for 50c.

EXPOSITION FURNITURE.

12 Pieces, \$12.60 Per Suit.

We can fit up a room complete for \$12.60 with our Exposition Suit No. 1. The suit consists of 1 bed, 1 spring, 1 mattress, 1 dresser, 1 washstand, 1 center-table, 2 chairs, 1 chamber set, all for only \$12.60. Don't fail to see it.

Wood & Beaumont Stove and Furniture Co.,

85 and 87 Whitehall St., 70 and 72 S. Broad.

NOTICE—Out-of-Town Customers given particular attention.

REDUCTIONS!

GREATER THAN EVER.

% 33⅓ %
OFF.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Wool Suits and Children's Wash Suits

% 50 %
OFF.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Straw Hats—new and nobby effects.

SPECIAL.

Negligee Shirts, worth up to \$1.00, at... 59c

Negligee Shirts, worth up to \$1.25, at... 89c

\$1.50 Men's Thin Office Coats, worth \$1.00, at... 50c

Children's Wash Suits.

Our stock of these goods is replete with the daintiest, prettiest and best novelties of the season. Our original prices were far and beyond the reach of any competition. None could touch our cheapness. Today we offer you choice at one-third less than regular prices.

EISEMAN BROS.,
15-17 Whitehall Street.

MACON GROCERS, TOO

They Declare a Boycott on the Louisville and Nashville.

THEY WANT LOWER RATES FOR L. C. L.

The New City Charter is Not Altogether Satisfactory and Amendments Will Be Added—Postmaster Price Is Better.

Macon, Ga., July 20.—(Special.)—The general movement throughout the state, which has been termed a "boycott of the Louisville and Nashville railroad," has been joined by the wholesale grocers of Macon, though they do not call their action a boycott.

This morning the wholesale grocers of Macon met at the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. S. R. Jaques presiding, and unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That on and after this date all goods will be purchased from the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and whenever possible be routed by the buyers over roads known to be friendly to granting an equitable differential between the rates in car and less than car lots."

In explanation of the above a grocer says: "The wholesale grocers of the southern states have been fighting for several years past to obtain a lower rate on goods in car lots than in less than car lots, but without success. At the last convention of wholesale grocers of the southern states held at Atlanta in May last, the committee who had the matter in charge reported in effect to the convention that nearly all the roads in the association of southern railroads were friendly to the proposition, but that unless it was unanimous nothing could be accomplished. The various wholesale grocers of the trade centers of the south are now taking the matter up and acting upon the suggestion of the Atlanta convention of southern grocers and pledging themselves to buy their goods at a price at the starting point, and delivered. This gives the merchant the right to route his cars by what ever road he pleases, and there is a general movement all along the line to ship only by such roads as are friendly to the lower rates in car lots than in less quantity."

Charter Amendments.

At an early day a resolution will be introduced in the city council recommending various amendments to the city charter, which the senator and representatives from Bibb will be asked to have passed at the session of the legislature which convenes in next October. It is said that the proposed amendments will receive the unanimous vote of the council, and will be indorsed and approved by the mayor. Among the changes will be recommended the abolishing of the public works, fire and police commissioners. Each commission consists of three commissioners. It is suggested that there be one public works commissioner. It is further thought that the mayor and aldermen should not be limited to one term, and that the present mayor and aldermen should be eligible to reelection. Various other changes in the charter are suggested which will soon be made public by the city council.

Fighting the Verdict.

Today Judge Hardeman, of Bibb superior court, granted a new trial in the divorce suit of Culpepper vs. Culpepper, from Houston county. Plaintiff and defendant are members of prominent families in Houston county. The plaintiff sued for a divorce on the ground that he was forced to marry under duress. Defendant resisted the suit. The trial was had at the last term of Houston court. Hardeman, Davis & Turner and Bacon & Miller, of Macon, represented the plaintiff. Judge Warren D. Nottingham and A. T. Harper, of Macon, represented the defendant. The jury was out twenty-one hours and returned a verdict for the plaintiff. The defendant immediately commenced a fight on the verdict and made a motion for a new trial. (Gustin, Guerry & Hall were engaged as associate counsel with Nottingham and Harper. Argument was made before Judge Hardeman a short time ago and he rendered his decision this morning, as before stated, and granted a new trial.

Other Court Matters.

In the superior court today an amendment to charter was granted whereby the Mix & Everett Company becomes the Mix Company. An amendment was also granted to the charter of the Southern Phosphate Company, 1890-1894, making it a perpetual corporation. The amendment allowed to reduce its capital to \$125,000, and increase it to \$200,000 if necessary.

This morning J. P. Dreakeil, of Monroe, Commissioner Erwin on the charge of illicit distilling and was bound over in the sum of \$250.

Judge Hardeman has adjourned Bibb superior court for the term, so far as jury trials are concerned. Judge James H. W. will be here the first week in August to hear some Georgia Southern railroad matters.

A Convalescent Postmaster.

Postmaster Daisy Price has been confined at home several days with a sharp attack of sickness. He was able to be out this morning for awhile, much to the pleasure of his friends. He is now convalescent and will soon be himself again.

AT WAS THE WRONG MAN.

An Athenian Holds Up a Man and His Wife.

Athens, Ga., July 20.—(Special.)—Last night on Prince avenue there occurred an affair which may develop seriously. It is best told by Mr. Maurice Jankower, a young furniture merchant here, who was one of the principal actors in the scene. Mr. Jankower and his wife were walking along this sidewalk enjoying the cool breeze that had sprung up after dark and were near the county courthouse. Suddenly a man sprang upon the sidewalk in front of them, and it was seen at once that he was greatly agitated.

He slapped his hand on Mr. Jankower's shoulder, and with the other hand pushed a pistol against his breast, exclaiming: "What are you doing with this woman?" Mr. Jankower was astounded and his wife was badly frightened. He told his wife to step aside and he would settle the matter. He asked the man what he meant by such conduct and the man, looking at him very closely, said: "Excuse me, sir, you are not the man I was looking for." He then offered profuse apologies for his conduct.

Mr. Jankower carried his wife home and medical attention was soon needed, as she was found to be suffering from severe nervous prostration caused by the terrible fright she had experienced when the man placed his pistol against her husband's breast. Mrs. Jankower was some better today.

The man who had caused the disturbance turned out to be G. W. Pressnell, Sr., a blacksmith living in this city. Jankower swore out a warrant on Pressnell this morning charging him with pointing a pistol at him and Pressnell was arrested. Judge Foster placed his bond at \$100 and set Monday, the 23rd, as the day for trial. Pressnell would not talk much about the occurrence. He says that, much about the fact that he did not draw any pistol on Jankower, although he admits he had a pistol. Pressnell says he regrets that he made such a mistake and that the occurrence happened solely on account of his making a mistake as to Jankower's identity. He admits he was out looking for a

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HE APPEARS THERE ON SMITH'S DAY

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Cordele, Ga., July 20.—(Special.)—The goldbugs of Cordele are mad. They are surprised and agitated that the Dooly county silver league is to have as its guest Hon. Leonidas F. Livingston on July 27th.

The goldbugs invited Mr. Smith to address the people of Cordele on July 27th in favor of the single gold standard. This action was taken by only a small number of the people of this section. In the meantime the Dooly county silver league invited Hon. Leonidas F. Livingston to make an address here on the same day in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Mr. Livingston has accepted the invitation and will be here, Mr. J. F. Hill, president of the silver league, was announced this morning when he read a set of resolutions handed him by the secretary of the "sound money" league.

He was informed that the resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the league last night. The resolutions express the disgust of the goldbugs that the advocates of free coinage should be so rude and discourteous as to invite Mr. Livingston to speak on the same day that Mr. Smith is to be here. The silver men, of course, edily amused at the action of the few goldbugs who have been so ostentatious here. There are only a handful of them, yet they have lost no time and spared no opportunity to make the impression that there is really a large number of them here. Mr. Smith is considered the goldbug candidate for the United States Senate, and it is known that his speech here in the Crisp campaign will be the real opening gun in the campaign.

It is thoroughly understood that Mr. Crisp is the logical candidate for the senate as an advocate of free silver and a patriot. Large crowds are expected from all points in south Georgia. Excursions will be run on all roads and will come in from five directions. The Georgia Southern and Florida railroad will run a special train from LaGrange and quite a number of people will come from Atlanta and other points in north Georgia. It is to be a big day.

The goldbugs are afraid that their meeting will be a tame affair beside the monster bimetallic rally. It would not be surprising if they change the date of Mr. Smith's speech to avoid a comparison of crowds.

CUT DOWN EXPENSES.

Floyd County Grand Jurors Recommend Cutting Down Expenses.

Rome, Ga., July 20.—(Special.)—The grand jury of Floyd county has adjourned and among its general presentations are some recommendations that are rather sensational. The jury finds that the indebtedness of the county is \$55,000, payable \$2,500 each year up to 1899, with a floating debt of \$35,000, and to provide for the payment of this it finds but two ways: the floating of redemption bonds, or the reducing of county expenses.

It goes on to state that one remedy is to suspend the county changing for two years, although that changing is building roads all over the county at the rate of \$1200 per mile.

To Reduce Juries.

The grand jury further recommends that there be a reduction in juries, the number composing the grand juries to be fifteen, and ordinary juries six, instead of twenty-four and twelve, respectively, according to existing laws. It goes still further and recommends the reduction of bailiffs' and jurors' fees to \$150 a day, as a measure of economy. The latter recommendation has created quite a stir in this county, where so many of the jurors live at a long distance from the town and are compelled to remain in attendance on the courts and board themselves out of the already meager enough sum of \$2 a day, to say nothing of compensation for loss of time.

Good Country Roads.

The grand jury finds that seventy-six miles of roads have been built by the changing since it was put in force, at a cost of \$81,000, or about \$1200 per mile, which is a good showing for the county.

It is found that the cost of supporting the changing is about \$17,000 per annum, which is cheap, according to its estimate, in consideration of the work done.

The almsouse is found to cost the county \$8,000 per annum, and it supports an average eighteen paupers per month the year round, the farming bringing in a goodly rental to help pay expenses.

A County Bookkeeper.

The grand jury finding it necessary to employ a bookkeeper to look after the funds of the county, recommends Foster Harper for the position at a salary of \$75 a month.

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For several months there has been a contest among the commissioners, caused by the resignation of H. M. Clayton, one of the board, and the efforts to fill his place. Two of the four remaining commissioners favor a town man and two a countryman, and on that question there has been a tie vote cast at every meeting when the subject has been opened.

The grand jury recommends that the vacancy be filled without further delay, and suggests that as the city of Rome is not represented on the board as it now stands, a man from the city be appointed.

The presentments have caused a great deal of talk among the citizens, and if the recommendations are carried out there will be some radical changes and regular popularistic kicking all along the lines.

WILLIAM PARKER MAXWELL.

A Prominent Citizen of Montezuma Passes Away.

Montezuma, Ga., July 20.—(Special.)—Mr. William Parker Maxwell, for about twenty-five years a prominent and honored citizen of Montezuma, and well known throughout this section of Georgia, died of Bright's disease at his residence here yesterday at 3:30 p. m., after a long illness covering a period of over a year. He was buried in the city cemetery this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Rev. W. W. Walker, of Calvary Episcopal church, officiated. The funeral was largely attended by numerous friends of the deceased and also relatives from a distance, including the cities of Savannah, Columbus and Atlanta. This community has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. Maxwell, who had been foremost in his declining health in everything for the commercial, social and moral good of our people.

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BRYAN HAS A DEBATE

Alabama Goldbugs Put Captain T. G. Bush Against Him.

THE BIMETALLIST BURNED THE WOODS

He Attacked the Cleveland Administration for Its Subserviency To Wall Street—Bush Defends the Bond Deal.

Anniston, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—Probably 2,000 people crowded into the Noble street theater this afternoon to hear the debate on the currency question between ex-Congressman William J. Bryan, of Lincoln, Neb., and Captain T. G. Bush, of this city. Hundreds were turned away for lack of room.

The proposition discussed was "Should the United States, immediately and independently of other countries, restore the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1?"

Mr. Bryan spoke for the affirmative and Captain Bush for the negative.

J. J. Willett, who was chairman of the meeting, introduced Mr. Bryan, who spoke for an hour and thirty minutes.

After an introduction by John B. Knox, Captain Bush followed in a speech an hour and forty-five minutes in length.

Mr. Bryan then closed in fifteen minutes. The audience seemed receptive rather than enthusiastic at first, and neither speaker received any lavish applause during his speech.

Mr. Bryan's closing argument, however, which fairly glistered with burning and impassioned oratory, brought the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and brought forth round after round of the most deafening applause. Mr. Bryan's speeches were gems of oratory and eloquence. He scored Cleveland and Carlisle for their financial policy, which, he said, favored the idle holders of idle capital and oppressed the laboring, taxpaying classes. The stopping of the free coinage of silver in 1873 he characterized as a crime committed in the dark and of the deepest dye.

The officers of the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery railroad filed articles in the secretary of state's office this afternoon giving notice that the name of the road would be changed to the Georgia and Florida railroad.

Takes a New Name.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—The officers of the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery railroad filed articles in the secretary of state's office this afternoon giving notice that the name of the road would be changed to the Georgia and Florida railroad.

Taylor Had a Close Shave.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—A special from Flomaton, Ala., says that there was strong talk there last night of lynching Taylor, the negro burglar who shot Storekeeper Ivy a few nights ago. Taylor confessed to the burglary, but implicated a white man in the shooting, which is believed to have been the only thing that saved his neck. Taylor was taken to Brewton today and lodged safely in jail.

Prominent Women Suffragists.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—The woman suffragists have a strong membership in north Alabama, having made inroads into a number of the best and most aristocratic families in the Tennessee valley. At the recent election of the Alabama suffragists, Mrs. Virginia Clay Clifton, perhaps the most distinguished woman in the state, was elected president, and Mrs. Milton Humes, wife of one of the most prominent attorneys in the state and a daughter of the late Governor Reuben Chapman, was elected secretary. Not much is heard of the organization south of the Tennessee river.

Deatur's New Baptist Preacher.

Decatur, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—Rev. A. S. Atkins, a young Baptist minister from Georgia, has recently received and accepted a call to the First Baptist church of Decatur. He comes well informed, having been a student of the great divine, Dr. Hodge, of Louisville, Ky. He is a pleasing looking gentleman, far above the average in personal appearance and is very popular.

New Development Company.

Sheffield, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—An important meeting of the directors of the Sheffield Coal, Iron and Steel Company was held here this week. All arrangements were completed for the beginning of operations by this company at an early date. Sheffield is putting on her business clothes and is fast coming to the front again.

An Old Man's Exciting Experience.

Evergreen, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—Unknown parties went to the house of John Moore, an old bachelor and a miser, living near Evergreen, this county, robbed him and hanged him up by the neck. It was believed that he had a large sum of money concealed. The robbers found only \$50 and, believing there was much more hidden away and in order to force the old man to tell where it was, they strung him up. He fainted away, however, and, believing him to be dead they left and escaped. The old man recovered, however. He cannot identify his assailants, but says they were young white men.

Another L. and N. Extension.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—A Tusculum, Ala., special says: The L. and N. tract for the extension of the Louisville and Nashville railroad to this place has been let to J. T. Cross, a contractor from Chattanooga. The extension of the road will make Tusculum the terminus and give two direct connections with Nashville. The business men will be greatly benefited, as it will cause competition to spring up between the Louisville and Nashville and the Memphis and Charleston, and will necessarily reduce freight rates. Much of the trade which now goes to Memphis from this place will, in all probability, go to Nashville after the completion of the road.

More Ore Mines for Alabama.

Birmingham, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—Hon. T. H. Aldrich and associates have leased 600 acres of mineral land in Bibb county from the trustees of the University of Alabama and will open up extensive mines. The lease is for ten years with a privilege of renewal for an additional term of ten years.

TO MARK THE BATTLE FIELDS.

A meeting of the confederate veterans of Fulton county will be held tomorrow night to arrange for the location of the important historical spots around Atlanta. General Evans said yesterday that it is his purpose to get veterans who are familiar with the positions of the troops on both sides during the fighting around Atlanta to assist in locating the battle places accurately. Some temporary marks will be erected until permanent marks can be substituted.

After the regular meeting of the Forty-second Georgia regiment at the county courthouse tomorrow, the veterans will have a banquet at the Gate City Guard armory. They are invited to visit the cyclorama during the day. The invitation was extended yesterday by Captain Green.

Not Railroad Bill.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—News comes from Pensacola that the unknown negro who was shot near there recently under the apprehension that he was a fugitive, had escaped from the hospital about daylight yesterday morning and has not since been heard of. There is abundant evidence that the negro was about "Railroad Bill," but the fact that he left so suddenly is holding his office. A suspicion that he was some other criminal.

Fine Melons.

Mr. J. F. Shields, of Thomson, Ga., will on Monday morning, have a fresh crop of the choicest melons at the Georgia railroad yards. Mr. Shields makes a specialty in growing the "Georgia Watermelons," "Jones" melons and the "Nixon" cantaloupe. These melons will be offered for sale to the trade Monday.

Dallas Will Come.

Selma, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—At a meeting of the citizens of Dallas county, held in Selma today, steps were taken to

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get a display for the exposition from this city. Committees were appointed. Old Dallas will shine brightly in the Alabama building at Atlanta.

Takes a New Name.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—The officers of the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery railroad filed articles in the secretary of state's office this afternoon giving notice that the name of the road would be changed to the Georgia and Florida railroad.

Taylor Had a Close Shave.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—A special from Flomaton, Ala., says that there was strong talk there last night of lynching Taylor, the negro burglar who shot Storekeeper Ivy a few nights ago. Taylor confessed to the burglary, but implicated a white man in the shooting, which is believed to have been the only thing that saved his neck. Taylor was taken to Brewton today and lodged safely in jail.

Prominent Women Suffragists.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20.—(Special.)—The woman suffragists have a strong membership in north Alabama, having made inroads into a number of the best and most aristocratic families in the Tennessee valley. At the recent election of the Alabama suffragists, Mrs. Virginia Clay Clifton, perhaps the most distinguished woman in the state, was elected president, and Mrs. Milton Humes, wife of one of the most prominent attorneys in the state and a daughter of the late Governor Reuben Chapman, was elected secretary. Not much is heard

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34 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., July 21, 1895.

More Bonds and the End Not Yet.

Once more we perceive the inevitable slowly taking shape in the neighborhood of the subtreasury in New York. Without any apparent reason or excuse gold is beginning to flow to Europe again, and this outward movement is begun in the face of the fact that there is a tremendous glut of money in all the great capitals of Europe—in London, in Berlin and in Paris.

In those capitals the "war chests" are filled to overflowing with gold, and the vaults of the great banks are bursting with treasure that is lying idle. In New York money is worth from 1 to 1½ per cent. In the south and west, where there is a currency famine, it is worth anywhere from 8 to 25 per cent.

This, we are told, is prosperity of the most marvelous kind, and whenever a trades union compels a manufacturing concern to raise wages to a point where laborers can survive, we are asked to lift our hats to the goldbug standard and to thank our stars that we have a British financial syndicate to protect our treasury. As a matter of fact, we have tried to join in the ovation, but as native Americans we find that the applause with which we would fain make the welkin ring sticks in the throat and leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

Far be it from us to indulge in abuse of the syndicate which Mr. Cleveland invited to take charge of our financial affairs. There is nothing cheaper than abuse, and the gentlemanly bankers who took advantage of the situation which the administration deliberately forced upon the country would have been simpletons indeed if they had allowed the occasion to pass without improving it. The members of the syndicate are in business for the purpose of making money for themselves and their clients. When they seek health they go to Bar Harbor or to Baden-Baden, but when they stand at their counters, or when they are called in to hold an inquest on the remains of American prosperity, they would be fools indeed if they failed to command a fee commensurate with the importance of the occasion.

Now, whatever else may be said about the gentlemen who have been engaged for some months in sustaining the "honor and credit of the American people," it cannot be said that they are fools. Nor can it be said that they are frauds. A man goes into business for the purpose of making money, especially when he goes into the banking business. There is no sentiment and no patriotism in the matter at all. Those who compose the syndicate found that they could make a profit of from ten to twelve millions of dollars by furnishing the people's treasury with sixty-five millions of gold. In carrying out the contract, however, it has shown to the people of the United States that it is in the power of a few individuals or firms to control the exchange markets for at least a brief period, and this control of the exchange market means that gold can be piled up in Europe and held, or piled up here and held. And when gold is held it is cornered, only the average citizen is not aware of what is pinching him when he finds the product of his labor depreciated before his eyes.

But the syndicate, being composed of good business men—men who are not inclined to dissipate the large profits which they have won by selling United States gold to the United States treasury—have at last found that they cannot profitably keep down the market rate of exchange. Pending the delivery of the bonds they sold bills of exchange at \$4.89, when the market rate was \$4.90. This they did at an apparent loss, but they recouped themselves by refusing to import foreign gold, paying into the treasury that which they had kept from going abroad. They have been criticised for this, but from the business point of view it was no doubt perfectly legitimate.

Now, when they find it impossible to keep the rate of exchange below the gold shipping point without sustaining a loss, they are perfectly justified in taking their hands off and allowing gold to go out. When once it is understood that the syndicate did not buy United States

bonds for the purpose of "sustaining the credit and honor of the nation"—to employ the consecrated jargon of Mr. Cleveland—but for the purpose of making money for themselves and their clients, the whole situation becomes clear. There is not a cloud on it. Mr. Cleveland wanted to "preserve the credit and honor of the nation," and the syndicate wanted to make money. The syndicate pocketed about \$12,000,000 of profits, and the "honor and credit of the nation" are precisely where they were when Mr. Cleveland called in his William and Wall street financial physicians.

The result is that gold is going out again! The export movement started mildly at first—a few thousand was sent out—but now it has assumed all the proportions of an organized raid on the treasury. The great trouble seems to be that other banking interests are worried because the syndicate has made such an immense profit out of the face of "sustaining the honor and credit of the nation." These outside firms are prepared to convince themselves that if such high prices are to be paid for "sustaining the honor and credit of the nation," they are prepared to work the racket for all it is worth.

We have no doubt that the syndicate has carried out its contract in good faith. We have no doubt that it has done the best it could; but the British gold standard is inexorable. The cards are stacked. What one firm can do another can do, and so we are now having the beautiful spectacle of other financial firms trying to destroy the "honor and credit of the nation" for the purpose of being called in to protect it.

Meanwhile it should be borne in mind that the \$100,000,000 of bonds that have been issued, have not profited any producer of the United States one single cent. All the profit has gone into the pockets of the bondholders. In the face of this, another bond issue is imminent, and the people of the country are asked to endorse and approve a system that saps the vitality of the whole country. What shall the answer be?

An Every Day Crime.

Our statisticians should go to work, and analyze and classify the suicides which are now so numerous in this country.

During the present spell of hard times, aggravated by the hot weather conditions of midsummer, hundreds of men and women are killing themselves all over the land, and many of them seem to have no special reason for their rash conduct. If they were all poor, ignorant or diseased people, we could understand it. But they are confined to no particular class. The rich capitalist in a fit of loneliness fastens his windows and doors, turns on the gas, and is asphyxiated. The poor man out of work kills himself and family. Mental trouble causes one man to blow out his brains, while another seeks death to get rid of his creditors or because he is physically affected. A young woman goes from her country home to the city in search of work. She fails to get it, and takes morphine. A lover is jilted by his girl, and makes a rush for his pistol. A child is scolded and hangs himself. A woman is disappointed about some small matter, and straightway leaps into the other world.

Of course suicides have always occurred, but it strikes us that they are growing more numerous and more unreasonable. People seem to place a lighter estimate upon human life every year. Whether this is due to insanity, hard times, disease or agnosticism it is hard to tell, but the subject is worth investigation.

Our scientists should look into the matter and find out the cause of this epidemic of suicide.

Some Mistaken Reformers.

The fact that the proposed bull fight at our exposition has been taken seriously in some quarters is not at all creditable to the intelligence of those who make such a mistake.

The Richmond State protests against "the disgusting show," and The Florida Citizen is on the same line, only a little more hysterical. It says:

"The men who suppose that a bull fight, whether genuine or sham, will be an attraction anywhere in the United States during the closing years of the nineteenth century do not understand the public sentiment of a country. Step by step the various commonwealths have been outlawing prize fights between men, until this relic of brutality has been practically abolished. The people who have done this are in no mood to domesticate in the United States that even more odious relic of brutality, the fight between a man and a brute; nor will they take any interest in a travesty of the real contest. Almost every civilized nation in the world has prohibited bull fighting, and the United States cannot afford to lend it any degree of favor."

The southern press has special reason for protesting against this ill-advised show of the Atlanta exposition. Most people will take the announcement to mean a genuine fight, and consequently it will reflect upon the south as a section. Naturally, all this stir over this matter has interested the Mexicans, who are great lovers of bull fights, and they have made themselves heard through the following special from Mexico to The New York World:

"Commenting on the proposition to give bull fights at Atlanta during the exposition a newspaper here says:
 "The protest of sundry American papers against introducing the barbaric, but splendid sport, is a mere spawn of morality in a country which reads with avidity the details of prize fights and makes heroes of Corbett and Sullivan."

"When Americans come here as tourists the first spectacle they demand to see is a bull fight, and steel chains and fiery dragons could not keep them away."
 Preparations are making here to send bulls of the best fighting breed to Atlanta, and give first-class performances. Mexicans predict that the spectacle will be the most popular feature of the Atlanta exposition.

"This is rich reading, but Mr. William Hosea Ballou, a vice president of the American Humane Society, caps the climax by threatening to appeal to the law to stop our bull fight."

It is hard to believe that any American citizen with sense enough to get out of a shower of rain could suppose that a real bull fight would be allowed to take

place at our exposition or anywhere in this country. The particulars of the sham fight have all been explained. The bulls will have their horns padded, and the matadores will use light poles for their weapons, while the horses in the spectacle will be well trained. There will be no damage done to bulls, men or horses, and the fight will bear the same relation to a real fight that a murder on the stage bears to a real murder. If it is brutal to have a sham fight, then it is more brutal to have all the murder scenes on the stage which have been so common ever since the drama came into existence. If the sham bull fight must be suppressed, then let us suppress Shakespeare's plays on the stage; for they are full of murders and reek with gore. Let us get rid of sham battles, too. We must not have our holiday soldiers indulging in mimic warfare. Such spectacles might offend Mr. Ballou or the members of the American Peace Society.

Fortunately, the majority of the people understand this matter. They want to see the Mexican village at the exposition, and they want to study Mexican customs. Of course they will go to the bull fight, because they know that it will be really as harmless as a fencing bout in a play. It will be a picturesque affair and will draw thousands, and it will not surprise us to see Mr. William Hosea Ballou in the crowd.

The Cox College.

The catalogue of the Southern Female college, just issued from the press, is most creditable to that institution. The history of the college for the past fifty-two years is fully given, and it is refreshing to note the lofty ideal and noble enthusiasm which has characterized the institution throughout its prosperous career under the administration of the Bacon-Cox family.

In the pioneer days of education in this state, when female education was a doubtful experiment, Milton E. Bacon, with ability and ardor, espoused the cause for the fair sex, and established, as an individual enterprise at LaGrange, a college for the higher education of women. He met with a high degree of success. Part of his proprietary interest in the college passed directly into the hands of I. F. Cox, who in a short time acquired, by purchase, all the rights and privileges of the institution and conducted it as a private enterprise for a long number of years. Then the Bacon and Cox families were united by marriage between the children. In this romantic manner the school has been maintained under the control of one family for half a century, has been partly in their possession fifty-two years, and fully so for forty-five years.

The formal name of the institution is the Southern Female college. But it is a deserving tribute to the memory of I. F. Cox, who was president of the school thirty years and during the most trying period of its history, that the public gradually introduced into usage the name "Cox's college," in recognition of Professor Cox's service, until now the college is more generally known by this title. During the late war the buildings were seized for a Confederate hospital and were accidentally burned, the loss being almost total; but through disaster, reconstruction and panic, Professor Cox heroically struggled founded the school again as a private enterprise, borrowed the necessary money for this purpose and labored until he fully re-established the institution. But the strain told upon his over-taxed nature, and his tragic death from apoplexy in the midst of his commencement exercises is well remembered.

In the new location at Manchester (College Park), near Atlanta, this historic school, with its able and enthusiastic management, with its modern organization, its magnificent building and beautiful campus, its extensive equipment, and its prestige, holds in hand boundless resources of power, and commands far-reaching prospects of usefulness and honor. The alumnae, with increasing pride, rally to their alma mater, and the reunion day at the exposition, November 7th, will be an interesting occasion.

The Example of France.

We print with pleasure a communication from Hon. Thomas G. Lawson in regard to bimetallicism in France. In 1891 Congressman Lawson was in favor of the free coinage of silver, but for some reason that is conclusive to his mind, though we have never been able to find it in reason, fact, history or experience, he is now opposed to opening the mints at the present ratio. His view of the Chicago platform is that it does not call for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. But the Chicago platform does not oppose the free coinage of silver at the present legal ratio, but leaves a clear inference that there should be no discrimination between the two metals at the mint. If this means anything, though according to Mr. Cleveland's interpretation it means less than nothing, it means that the republican domestication laws should be repealed and both metals restored to their former equality before the law.

This, however, belongs to another branch of the discussion. In his communication Judge Lawson questions the statement of The Constitution that France alone for nearly a century maintained the bimetallic ratio. We cannot do better than to leave our friend to contest this matter with M. Henri Ceruschi, who is regarded by both monometallists and bimetallicists as an authority on the history of metallic money. Judge Lawson will find Ceruschi quoted approvingly by Robert Griffin, by Jevons, by Bagehot and by Gibbs. What he says on the subject is, therefore, worthy of consideration. We quote from his essay on "The Great Metallic Powers," printed in 1885:

"For nearly a century the ounce of gold had nowhere in the world ever been worth more or less than fifteen and a half ounces of silver. Why? Because for nearly a century in the country best stocked with silver and gold, namely, France, the coinage of the two metals had been free, and free at the legal ratio of 15½ to 1 between the weight of the monetary unit in silver and that of the same unit in gold. French bimetallicism had formerly been at 15. It was in 1785 that France, to put herself in harmony with the laws of other countries, passed from 15 to 15½.
 Everybody being at liberty to get the two metals coined in France at the ratio of 15½ to 1, in other words, to get the kilogramme of silver, nine-tenths fine, transformed into

forty-five franc pieces (200 francs), and the kilogramme of gold of equal fineness into 125 twenty-franc pieces (2,500 francs)—no producer, no holder of silver or gold, either in Europe, in America, or in Asia, had ever thought of parting either with the silver or the gold, or the kilogramme of gold for a smaller sum, whether in francs or in dollars, in pounds, in thalers, in Mexican piastres, or in rupees.
 Thanks to French bimetallicism there existed a parity of value between a defined weight of gold and a defined greater weight of silver. The monetary material of the world was thus unified, so unified, indeed, that England and India did not even perceive that their respective legal tender coins were of different coins.

Neither was nor commercial crises, nor the more abundant production, how of silver, now of gold, no natural event had ever been able to disturb the beneficial domination of the French 15½, either in one hemisphere or the other. For this reason, the gold standard, the bimetallic law had to be transgressed and abandoned in France itself. This was done, but by a case of imperative necessity, without precedent in history. A great silver monetary crisis, Germany, had undertaken to demonetize and export all its money. Export whither? Principally to France, a country always open to large coinages. France, without minding, had allowed herself to be seduced by California and Australian gold, did not choose to be flooded by German silver. Why? Because Germany, was making a twofold operation. She was exporting silver and at the same time was importing gold. To check this combined influx and efflux, France, in 1873, slackened the coinage of silver, limited it in 1874, and entirely prohibited it in 1875.

Here is a simple, complete and concise answer to Judge Lawson's statement that no country has ever, unaided and alone, maintained a legal ratio between gold and silver.

Laws and Public Opinion.

Commissioner Roosevelt's Sunday law crusade in New York City will elucidate the relations between the enactment and enforcement of laws on the one hand and public opinion on the other.

It is Mr. Roosevelt's theory that public opinion is embodied in legislation. So he takes it for granted that the people of New York City want him to enforce the Sunday laws. This idea will not hold good all the time. The Evening Post takes the position that every legislative body passes acts which may or may not have popular sentiment on their side. The federal election laws on the books two years ago were defied in the south because the public opinion of that section did not sustain them. Yet these laws were favored by the constituents of the majority of the senators and representatives who passed them. The last New York legislature represented public sentiment when it passed the power of removal bill, but it certainly did not represent it when it passed the act allowing barber shops to be open in New York and Saratoga on Sunday morning, but requiring them to be closed in Brooklyn, Richmond Springs and every other city and town. The Post goes on to say:

"Maine enacted a prohibitory law forty years ago and how has that law got along every legislature since then to strengthen the original statute. Bangor has always had open saloons. Does the prohibitory law of Maine represent public sentiment? Undoubtedly it does so far as a majority of all the people in the state, acting through their representatives, are concerned; undoubtedly it does not so far as Bangor is concerned. Because attempts have been made, over and over again, by mayors, by sheriffs, and by all other authorities responsible to enforce the law, and the people at the next election 'turned them down.'"
 Kansas adopted a prohibitory amendment fifteen years ago, and Iowa a prohibitory law in 1884. Amendment and law alike have been constantly violated in the "river towns" of Iowa and almost all of the cities of Kansas. Did constitution and statute represent public sentiment or not? They did to this extent that a majority of the members of the Iowa legislature chosen in 1883 on this issue did what their constituents ordered in passing the law, and that a narrow majority of those voting on the question in Kansas in 1889 (26,302 out of 76,800) voted in favor of the amendment, though this was short of a majority of the 201,238 men who went to the polls and cast their ballots for president, one in every eight not regarding himself either way. But in each state there were cities and towns that declared overwhelmingly against the proposition, and as to such cities and towns it plainly did not represent public sentiment.

We see from these illustrations that national law is not always representative of state sentiment and state law does not always represent local sentiment. The determined opposition of the people of several states to a federal law makes it useless and at last secures its repeal, as we have seen in the case of the federal election statute. It is just so with cities which oppose a state law. In Kansas the state constables have never been able to close the saloons in the cities. The people in those places elect officials who will not enforce the liquor law, and the state constables are so roughly treated that they prefer to neglect their duty.

The moral of all this, says The Post, is that laws, so far as possible, should be framed by the communities to which they apply. That is the only way in which they really represent public sentiment. The federal government has found it better to leave the management of elections to the states, and the states will soon find that, while they may properly enact laws about murder and other generally important matters, they should allow cities and towns to make their own laws in regard to matters which do not directly affect the outside public. Local home rule is the thing so far as it is practicable.

Education and Crime.

Fifty years ago it was a common thing to hear it said that education caused a falling off in the percentage of crime, and this view is still held by a great many intelligent people.
 In England this theory seems to be supported by the facts of the case. The number of children in English schools has increased from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 since 1870. In that period the number of persons in English prisons has fallen from 12,000 to 5,000; the yearly average of persons sentenced to penal servitude has decreased from 3,000 to 800, while juvenile offenders have fallen from 14,000 to 5,000.

Naturally the enthusiastic advocates of general education will point to England as an illustration of their theory that education diminishes crime. They will quote Victor Hugo's declaration that when you build a schoolhouse you need one jail less. The answer to Hugo will be found in his own country. In France the criminal statistics show that with the increase in the number of schools and pupils the prisons have been more rapidly

filled. The progress of education has been followed by an increase of criminals, and especially juvenile offenders. According to a French newspaper, the result of intellectual instruction in England the pupils have not only intellectual instruction, but moral and religious training under the proper influences.

Leaving England and France, let us see how it is in the United States. We spend more money for education than any other people, and yet our statistics show that crime more than keeps pace with instruction. Is not this result very largely due to our educational system? Do we not pay too much attention to intellectual instruction and too little to moral and religious training. It is to be feared that we are following the French rather than the English, and this explains the unsatisfactory results of our system.

Some of the eastern newspapers are beginning to believe that the Griffin convention meant something after all. Later in the season they will be better able to give an opinion.

Mr. Carlisle is of the opinion that all of the free coinage democrats will be crowded out of the party. Deprived of that element the party would be in the fix of a bottled bull in a city.

The democrats who lead, who work and who vote were at the Griffin convention.

When Secretary Smith was opposing the Republicans in 1890, he was in favor of the free coinage of silver. In 1895, when he is opposing the democrats of Georgia he is in favor of the British gold standard. It is no wonder that he is stumping the state explaining his position.

The Washington Post is for bimetallicism on the American plan and for gold monometallism on the British plan. You pay your money and draw to a flush one day and a full the next, Long Live Bimetallicism and his able staff.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

An Allegheny clergyman thinks he has found a scriptural arrangement of the bloomer costume in the text from Deuteronomy which reads: "There shall not be the garment of a man upon a woman, and a man shall not wear the garment of a woman, for an abomination to Jehovah thy God is every one doing these things." There is nothing in this contention, for bloomers were never worn by men. They were introduced by a woman and are distinctively a feminine vestment.

It is Mr. Gladstone's latest statement that the older man in good health becomes the greater his mental activity ought to be. He declares that the mind grows stronger and clearer as the body's vitality dwindles, and he does not see how anything except disuse of the latter can prevent intellectual progress from continuing almost to the end of a man's life.

A Chicago judge allows the jurors in his court to smoke.

The war department is advertising for 700 yards of red tape. It is presumably for the use of the executive and the secretary of state.

A Song—That Two Can Sing At.

HE—(The Suitor.)
 Won't you quit your bicycle and substitute me?
 Sweet maid of the year '95?
 You shall roll just as high and as far and as free,
 For my patience (and ears) are as long as can be.
 As any old donkey's ear.

So jump up and spur me and spare not the steel!

For the birds were unworthy of life Who would stinch at the touch of so sylph-like a heel—
 To be brief, will you deign to dismount from your wheel
 And be my own loved one—my wife?

Will you launder the little folks, see to the jam,
 And furnish the needful repairs When my spirit's so skeletonized hunting for ham?
 That the soul of itself is a mere monogram?

Will you share all my pleasures and cares?
 SHE—(The Unsuitd.)

Don't you think you're rather impudent, to say the very least?
 You've acknowledged, you've declared yourself a donkey and a beast—
 Besides, the picture that you draw—it don't precisely feast.

The fond imagination—so you needn't call the priest.

Shall I, who never knew a care or tasted of regret,
 Resign my peace to fuss and fume, to worry and to fret?

A pretty proposition that, the maiden thirst to what?
 And you needn't call the priest as yet—you needn't call him yet.

Care is the ballast to steady the ship, And trim her forth for her golden trip;
 To balance her duty and fit her for strife With the storms that sweep over the ocean of life.

And the seas they may surge, and the winds they may roar—
 She'll ride the wave safe to the haven in shore;
 While the pleasure-craft that all empty from port,
 Dream of nothing but hurry and sport,
 Venture where tempests are certain to blow,
 Light as they are, to the bottom they go.

SHE.

Then help yourself, and welcome! since you like it, to my share;
 My sentiments are opposite to those that you declare;
 So just take it as a gracious gift I very much do spare.

For I do not particularly care for care.

I've but one precious life to lose, but say Longevity robustness as though it were feline?

Yet care's been known to kill a cat, and so I must decline
 To live in constant jeopardy of jeopardizing mine.

You love me? So do I! So far, we thoroughly agree;
 How any one with eyes could fail, I'm sure I fail to see;

But sound asleep or imbecile I certainly must be
 When cat-killing care gets its claws on me.

Since I have but a single life, I'll keep it single still;
 Of your antiquated foolishness I long have tired.

With your "love and honor and obey," you simply make me ill;
 So I drop you with a curtsy, and I drop you with a will.

Your argument's convincing and your illustration rare;
 Though I seldom borrow trouble, I will answer for your share;

For indeed it is a famous thing—for other folks to bear!
 Though I do not extravagantly care for care.

—PAUL BLECKLEY.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

A Little Song.

A little cot in a little spot,
 With a little heaven hath sent;
 A little way from that cot each day;
 A song to sing, and a word to say;
 A little winter—a little May,
 And a heart content, content!

A Little Life.

A little life, and a little life
 In love and duty spent;
 A song and sigh as the years go by;
 A grave, perhaps, where the violets lie;
 But a heaven on earth and a heaven on high—
 In life and death content!
 —Frank L. Stanton.

A Pointer for the Poets.

"Has Smith's new poem got anything in it?"
 "Yes; five dollars."
 "Good! Give it a nice position—top column, next to reading matter."

A correspondent writes to say that a leading magazine kept one of his poems six months in limbo—returned it. He serves his fate. He should have known that, as a rule, magazines do not publish poetry. Ignorance of the law is no excuse for a man.

Love at the Door.

When at thy door Love pleads his cause,
 Open, nor give him pain;
 Wounded, he weeps, and may not pause
 At thy heart's door again.

The rumor that Samuel Minturn Peck and William H. Hayne are to take the platform is denied. So the platform is still standing.

A Downward Tendency.

"How's poetry today?"
 "Way down. The goat has just swallowed a bushel of it."

"Verses of Idle Hours" is the title of a book of poems by a new northern poet. It has gilt edges and is bound in green cloth.

What Are You After?

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve the moments critical,
 And make a buzzing loud and free
 In bonnets called political!

A Georgia editor thinks he is in hard luck. He has been cornered three years, and during that time he has not got a thing sitting. Even the town he lives in is a live one.

He Was Hiding Out.

"This map of your new railroad is imperfect," said the judge.
 "Imperfect, your honor?"
 "Yes, sir! There's your station, there's your tank, and there's your coal chute. Now, where in thunder is your receiver?"

"Times are hard," said the rural editor, "and we're trying to economize. There is sense in wasting buckshot on a man who wants to whip us, when we could throw him out the window and save money!"

A Sensible Note.

There is no cloud in all the sky;
 The wind blows soft as lutes;
 The ocean waves "roll mountain high"
 And reach the bathing suits.

We are surprised that as competent a critic as the literary reviewer of The Hartford Courant should call any portion of the gibberish of the hysterical Mr. Crane "poetry." His work is not as poetical as Washington pie.

How Will "Goldie" Do?

Oh, the country's depressed
 From the east to the west,
 And still not as poor as it may be;
 But the issue that's the greatest
 Just now is the latest—
 A name for the baby—the baby!

All the magazine poems for this rhyme beautifully at the end of each line.

A Note of Life.

More pleasure than sorrow life's giving:
 The world owes each mortal a living;
 But—please understand it—
 You've got to demand it;
 And when the fist's nibbles be lively and—
 Land it!

Items from Billville.

We attended the Griffin convention and borrowed six dollars from the chairman. Silver is on top!

Our Atlanta relatives write to say that they will be too full to accommodate us during the exposition. That is a bad omen for the temperance society before the show opens.

We won't say positively that Mrs. Hubbs, the woman who murdered her husband, should be hung. We have our private opinion, but we're still married.

We believe in the ratio of sixteen dollars to one man, and if we could just get that much in a lump we'd enlarge the paper and fall and live happy.

The best laid schemes of men will sometimes go astray. We recently escaped a creditor by the chimney route; but unfortunately the sheriff built a fire under us and the town marshal sat on the top of the chimney. As we never occupy middle ground in anything, we came down.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S FIGHT.

From The New York Tribune.

Within a

A STRANGE CAREER

**In All the World There Is No Counter-
part to Stanley.**

He cared nothing under which flag he fought. His sword was like Dugald Dalrymple's. When taken prisoner he became a union man and enlisted in the navy, where he rose to the rank of ensign. Journalism, made feverish by the exploits of the Bennetts, attracted many ardent souls just after the war, and Stanley became a newspaper writer—or rather a newspaper adventurer. Even to this day he is not quite able to conquer the subtle-

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no more than he has wrung from the poor. It is apparent. He was a walf, a pauper's child, bred in a poorhouse. He was christened John Rowlands. But after coming to America, he changed his name to John D. Lee. He took the name of the merchant who adopted him. When he was barely twenty he enlisted as a private in the confederate army. He was discharged after a few months. He heard nothing under which flag he fought. His sword was like Dugal's. Duff's. When taken prisoner he became a slave. He was then enlisted in the navy, where he rose to the rank of lieutenant. Journalism, made feverish by the exploits of the Bennetts, attracted many ardent souls just after the war, and Stanley became one of the foremost of newspaper newspaper adventurers. Even to this day it is not quite able to conquer the sublimity

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CHINA AFTER WAR

The Work of Development Is Necessarily Slow in Starting.

ALL CONCESSIONS COME HIGH

Officials Demand Large Bribes for Their Influence at Court.

SHREWD AMERICANS ARE ON THE SPOT

Wealthy Chinamen, Except Those in Public Life, Do Not Like To Display Their Wealth—Counterfeit Money Plenty.

Nagasaki, Japan, via Victoria, July 5.—(From a Staff Correspondent.)—When one gets back into a Japanese city, where the people are clean, the streets are clean, and the air is fresh, he realizes the vast superiority of Japan over China in all things.

Evidence of the honest administration of the government are seen and must be appreciated all over Japan. In China one is confronted on every side with evidence of the dishonesty of all things in China—that is of all government officials and the administration of the government.

The Chinese merchant is to be excepted from this. No more honest class of business men lives than the Chinese merchant. His word is as good as his bond. If he orders goods from a foreigner for future delivery, it matters not whether the price has gone up or down—he takes them.

I have seen the largest American concern in Shanghai accept a verbal order for \$20,000 of goods to come from America, and cable for the same without a contract of any sort. By the head of the house I was told that it never had a Chinese merchant to attempt to get out of a trade because goods happened to be quoted at a lower price on the day of delivery.

The Japanese merchants on this sometimes. The merchant class of Japan has not the reputation for business integrity of the Chinese merchant. By the foreign Japanese merchants, as a rule, are viewed with some little suspicion. All contracts with them are made as binding as possible under treaty terms and laws.

In China the official class is exactly the contrary of the merchant class. It is the least of the strictest honesty and integrity; the former thoroughly corrupt.

The Opening of China. Railroads must come to China in time, but the company that gets the concession will only do so through channels of bribery.

Parts of the work must be done from bottom to top. A New York friend of mine who has been in China several months endeavoring to get railroad concessions, has butted up against demands for money at every turn.

He wanted to meet and have a business interview with the viceroy of one of the provinces. He went to the capital of a city in the province, and after a week's negotiation and formalities, the total agreed to bring down the money and deposit his case for \$40,000, which offer, was, however, rejected. The American afterwards got to the viceroy and may be in line to get the first railroad concession.

I met an American in Shanghai who is attempting to get a franchise for an electric street railroad in that city. There is at present not an electric street railroad in China, though there are several in Japan. The Chinese merchants of Shanghai want it, but the English residents are fighting it. They compose the majority of the foreign residents of Shanghai and control the "settlement" government. They don't like what they term "yankee enterprise," but the American in question knows how to handle them, and when railroad franchises are given out in China he will have his apron well spread under the plum tree.

That day may come soon or it may be in the distant future. But when it does come—when China is opened up to the full and free investment of foreign capital with foreign protection—it will prove a gold mine to the investors.

Open up China and it will be a wonderful field for investment. But it must first be properly opened and investors must have foreign protection of their property. The Chinese government cannot be depended upon.

The Mandarin of China. If they dared to there are hundreds of thousands of Chinese who would give up themselves of all the comforts of life. They would live in a hovel. But the great mass of those who can afford it are not. So soon as an ordinary Chinese makes a display of wealth the mandarins find a pretext to assess him. To a mandarin's demand he must produce. Therefore, if he has wealth he hides it and but few besides the mandarins make a display of wealth. They show theirs upon the favorite wife, whom they bedeck with gaudy and valuable jewels and dress in the rarest silks.

Chinese Money. China is one of the few countries in the world that has no money of its own. All sorts and varieties of money are in trade. For small transactions the most common is "cash." Cash is molded coins of copper with a square hole in the center. It takes about 1,000 to make a dollar, and a dollar's worth of it weighs some eight pounds. That is the only genuine Chinese money, one-half of which you see is counterfeit.

The standard of value in China is the tael or about an ounce of silver. Everything is priced in taels and in payment of a bill the silver is weighed out. The tael differs in value somewhat in different provinces. A Shanghai tael amounts to about \$1.35 Mexican, or about 72 cents American money, as exchange is now quoted.

The Mexican silver dollar is the currency in general circulation, but one runs great risk in taking them, for there are thousands of counterfeiters and sweat dollars in circulation.

There is also a British small silver coin, issued in Hong Kong, in circulation all over China, and in Canton there is a provincial mint, which issues some small silver coin, based upon the Mexican dollar standard.

The paper currency is the notes of the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank, an English bank concern, which issues some small silver coin, based upon the Mexican dollar standard.

This bank is largely a monopoly and the Shanghai branch of it manages to squeeze the unfortunate whose letter of credit is only cashable with them in the most approved shyster style. In the first place they squeeze you fearfully on exchange, and often, to get rid of Mexican silver dollars, cash your check in them and decline to give you paper currency.

The Yokohama branch, and that in Kobe, deal squarely with you, but the Shanghai concern is to be avoided by the traveler who gets a letter of credit upon any other bank. It is little credit upon any other bank. There are other banks in every treaty port in the east, on which the traveler to this country will do well, therefore, to avoid the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank.

I write from experience. With exchange varying less than 1 per cent between the two dates the Shanghai branch gave me \$100 (Mexican) for a \$20 check. While the Yokohama branch gave me \$160 for a similar check.

Some Horrible Foods. It is a fact that dogs and cats and rats

and the flesh of horses and other animals that have died from disease are consumed by the lower class of Chinese people. There are dog and cat restaurants in every city of China. The flesh of a black cat is considered a wholesome diet and a preventative against disease. Dogs are reared as articles of diet, and, in the pidgin English of the Chinese, are known as "chow dogs."

Indeed, in China the flesh of all animals is consumed. It matters not whether the horse, dog or cat has met his death at the hands of the butcher or has succumbed to disease, the flesh is greedily consumed by the poverty-stricken people. Food that would kill a European is eaten by them without ill effect.

In a restaurant in Shanghai a placard hangs in front of the door announcing that the flesh of black dogs and black cats can be served at a moment's notice. Chinese doctors in many instances recommend these articles of food for their supposed medicinal properties and that, doubtless, prompts many people to partake of them.

The ordinary articles of diet in China are rice, vegetables and fish, though quantities of ducks and hogs are raised and consumed.

A choice article of diet is locusts fried in oil. Indeed, the Chinese eat anything containing nourishment for the body.

About the Missionaries. It seems to be the popular thing for visitors and writers coming to the orient to criticize the missionaries. In coming over on the ship from America I heard all kinds of abuse and criticism of missionaries. Among other stories were those that the Chinese laughed at them; that men came over as missionaries who could not make a living at home in church or world; that they were provided with handsome homes and lived in princely



A STREET SCENE IN SHANGHAI.

style, doing no good but enjoying themselves. The argument is also made that when missionaries of various denominations are here fighting one another the orientals mind is confused and he knows not to which to turn.

There may be truth in the latter. It is also true that there are a few men in missionary work who discredit it. You find such in all professions. But there are good, true and brave men and women in the missions of China. I had reason to see evidence of their work. While it may be impossible to make a Christian man of a grown Chinaman the mission schools do good work among the children.

But above all things the missionaries deserve credit for their work in civilizing the heathen. The missionaries were the first people to make inroads into China. They have been the advance guard of civilization and trade. They have gone ahead, and many of them have met cruel death in their efforts to implant civilization and Christianity. It has been against them that the riots and uprisings in China have occurred. To protect them the foreign governments have many times interfered, and with each interference additional concessions to foreign trade have been forced upon China. But for them China would be a closed country today. I cannot speak of the amount of Christianity that has been implanted in the hostiles' breast, but the civilization of China today and the trade of China with the outside world are due to the work of the missionary who deserves credit for the same.

Of the work of the missionaries Dr. Young J. Allen, the president of the Anglo-Chinese college and a thirty-five year resident of China, put it this way to me: "In the first place," said he, "missionaries are the pioneers of all intellectual and moral progress."

"By virtue of the extra territoriality clause in our treaties China, Japan and other countries of the east are treated as inferiors and people of the west, and the missionaries, from the east, particularly in China, have been called upon to teach them in colleges and schools and to translate the scriptures for them. To them the west is indebted for its knowledge of the east, and the east is indebted to them for all it knows of the west."

"The missionary enterprise regarded exclusively as to its bearings upon the east, China especially, is the grandest of possible enterprises, and so far from any thought of failure the spirit of those engaged in it is being enlarged more and more to compass the magnitude of the labor involved."

"The missionary spirit, rightly understood, is the spirit of heroism and conquest in the highest and best sense and strong in its patriotism any country whose sons and daughters are made of such stuff or who can sympathize with and sustain such labors for the good of our common humanity."

"As to the success of missionaries, particularly in China, it has advanced far past with every other influence from the west, commerce for instance, and as commerce by a thousand new and better things is gradually substituting the old and effects things of the people, giving them glass for shells for lighting rooms, gas and electricity for illuminating instead of tallow dips and pith wick lamps, clocks and watches for notched sticks, and the clepsydra, water clock, etc., steamers for junk, railroads and locomotives for wheelbarrows, etc.; so Christianity is instituting a moral revolution and expediting such a revolution in the thoughts and sense of the people as to make possible the best results of civilization considered in its fullest advantages. The missionary has had vastly more success in his labors, intellectual and moral—than the merchant, and converted almost a thousand to Christianity to where the merchant has induced one to adopt his ideas of business and introduce the system of the east into the realization. It is only recently merchants have had their eyes opened to the value of foreign trade, the establishment of better modes of transportation, the introduction of machinery and the improvement of and multiplication of manufactures, etc., and at the same time similar progress has begun to characterize missionary labors, for there are now more converts received into the church in the last year than for the first forty years of their history. If, therefore, missionaries in China are a failure, then is commerce, with all its advantages of being addressed to the cupidity of the money-loving Chinese, a far greater failure. But in truth neither one nor the other has been a failure, and as the one progresses the other will progress till eventually both shall have passed the great country and the whole east and the civilization and blessings of Christianity shall characterize the whole earth."

They Were Out for Material Things. In Shanghai, the other day, a young naval officer from one of the ships in that port, told me some interesting stories about experiences in the late war.

"Our naval vessels," said he, "followed the Japanese wherever they went, and saw what fighting there was. We were right in it in other respects, too. When Port Arthur was taken our officers and men did their share of looting and got any

quantity of curios and things of value from the Chinese houses. Though not in the fighting, we respected a small share of the material things of conquest. I believe some of your people did the same."

The American naval people, however, deny this. While several of our ships were about during all the fighting and after the taking of Port Arthur, neither American officers nor seamen availed themselves of opportunities for gathering relics from deserted Chinese houses and shops.

The Horrors of Chinese Warfare. During the Japanese attack upon Wei-Hai-Wei last February the Baltimore, our flagship, was at Chefoo, a few miles west.

"While there," said one of the officers of the Baltimore, "we saw some horrible examples of Chinese brutality. When the Japanese began their attack upon Wei-Hai-Wei Chinese deserters from the forts commenced coming in hundreds—so many that it was impossible to capture and behead them—but for days those gory heads hung from the crossbars above the gates, to be viewed by all who came, and the heads and bodies of those beheaded were strewn about just outside the city to serve as a further warning to deserters."

Li Hung Chang. A young Chinese woman in Shanghai, several years a resident of China, a woman who might be termed a politician and a scholar, certainly a clever one, presented me with this brief essay in response to my request for an opinion on the sources of opposition coming in in hundreds—so many that it was impossible to capture and behead them—but for days those gory heads hung from the crossbars above the gates, to be viewed by all who came, and the heads and bodies of those beheaded were strewn about just outside the city to serve as a further warning to deserters."

Li Hung Chang. It is well put: "Exalted station has its triumphs and its

misfortunes and this is emphasized in the changing fortunes of the Viceroy Li Hung Chang."

One short year ago he was the most powerful of Asiatic satraps, and to almost unlimited prerogatives of office was added the influence of vast possessions. The latter enabled the viceroy to penetrate sources of opposition impervious to official influence, and being practically the ruler of China, the few who opposed each combination of power were invariably delivered.

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Japan, having in view a more progressive policy, demands and secures the opening of several new ports by China and other privileges in favor of a more liberal commerce. Whether these changes—this reverse—will cause China to awake is a problem which coming events must solve. Today the indications are not favorable, and it appears as if China has been aroused only to go to sleep again."

Will China Awake? Whether or not China will awake is an interesting question. It is true Japan has forced her to throw open several new ports but whether the government will prevent the building of railroads to the interior cities is an unsolved problem. Without such foreign protection as foreign business interests in the treaty ports have, no foreign capital can afford to invest in anything in China. But with proper protection railroads penetrating the interior of China from Shanghai, or, indeed, from any of the larger ports would prove profitable investments. Within an arc with a hundred mile radius, describing a half circle from Shanghai, there are more than ten million people. The country is as flat as a floor. Railroad building would be comparatively a simple matter. The greatest expense would be in the rails. Under proper protection it would be a profitable investment, but it will take treaty revision to get proper protection.

It is unfortunate that Japan did not extend the terms of her treaty for the opening up of all China. Had it been so other countries would have come in under the favored nation clause.

It may be, however, that the vigorous action of the new French minister at Peking will lead to a new treaty. Outrage at the anti-missionary riots up the Yangtze river he has sent four gun boats to Chungking to demand satisfaction or bombard the city. It takes such action as this to bring the Chinese mandarin to terms, and it may be that this same minister will force a new treaty upon the Chinese government that will give French subjects the right to acquire property in any part of China, the same when acquired to come under the jurisdiction of the French consular courts.

Through just such action were the present treaties brought about. These treaties give foreign governments control over the property and persons of their citizens at the treaty ports. In these there are now many manufacturing, all profitable. When all of China is thrown open there will be an almost limitless field for profitable investment—especially if the great western nations remain on a gold basis.

E. W. BARRETT.

Attention, Fourth Georgia Survivors. The Survivors' Association of the Fourth Georgia Regiment will hold its annual reunion at Albany, Ga., on Wednesday, July 24, 1895.

All the railroads will give a rate of 4 cents per mile (certificate plan), provided as many as fifty members and their families included—are present at the meeting holding certificates. The importance of a full attendance is therefore apparent, as full fare will be demanded both ways unless the requisite number attend. When you buy your ticket to Albany be sure to ask for a certificate. Members will be expected to reach Albany by 3:30 o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd of July.

It is hoped that every member of the Fourth Georgia regiment will be present, and that each one will bring with him one or more members of his family. The provincial hospitality of the good people of Albany is a guarantee of a hearty welcome, and each individual member of the association will be made to feel that he is an honored guest.

W. H. GILBERT, President.

21 sat sun

EVERYTHING RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES. CORNER PEACHTREE AND DECATUR.

JACOBS' PHARMACY. Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles.

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EVERYTHING RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES. CORNER PEACHTREE AND DECATUR.

IT'S NO HUMBUG.

Our Doors Will Soon Be Closed to Business.

No other store can be procured, therefore every dollar's worth of

FANCY DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

In our House have got to go at whatever price they will bring. We have a thousand and one things that you will soon need, if not today. Why not take advantage of this great sale and save from

100 TO 1,000 PER CENT.

Stamping Designing Done Neatly and Promptly.

T. N. WINSLOW, 28 Whitehall Street.

DRY GOODS.

Great Reduction.

We must make room for our fall stock in Dress Goods; besides, we do not propose to carry over our immense line of Spring and Summer Fabrics, Shirt Waists, Skirts, etc. One-third off is our way now with fine, first-class styles in Silk Shirt Waists. See them.

Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

21 sat sun

EVERYTHING RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES. CORNER PEACHTREE AND DECATUR.

JACOBS' PHARMACY.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles.

EVERYTHING RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES. CORNER PEACHTREE AND DECATUR.

In Summer people had better take care of health. How often one at the seashore and mountains is taken sick in some manner. No doctor about, no drug store near—nothing to allay the pain. We have prepared the most useful article we know of—a handy medicine case, 4 in. deep, 7 in. long and 1 in. thick, which contains a sufficient supply of chloroform, ammonia, balsam, spirit of nitre, laudanum, camphor, cholera mixture, paregoric, mustard plaster, cathartic pills, quinine pills, and sticking plaster. Price, \$2. Better prepare for emergencies now than wait until illness suggests it, for then it may be too late. What's the matter with keeping one of these cases in your trunk, whether you are at home or abroad?

JACOBS' PHARMACY.

Cor. Peachtree and Decatur Streets.

Everything retailed at wholesale prices.

T. J. FAMBRO,

87 AND 89 PEACHTREE ST.,

"CUT PRICES"

—ON—

FURNITURE.

\$25.00 SUIT.

Hand painted, hand carved, French Berg Mirror, only \$25, old price \$40.

Now is your opportunity to furnish your home with little money. "I WON'T DO A THING" next week but "CUT PRICES" just for fun and money. See my goods, get my prices, I get your trade. See! I have bought right and will sell right. It is your own loss if you fail to trade with me.

See me for OFFICE FURNITURE of all kinds. Chairs, Bookcases, Flat and Roll Top Desks. HEADQUARTERS FOR EXPOSITION FURNITURE.

T. J. FAMBRO..

87 AND 89 PEACHTREE ST

The Gun Had an Important Clue.
Yesterday morning during the investigation of the murder by Coroner Paden, it was brought out that several pieces of cartridge shell wadding had been picked up at the spot where the watchman is believed to have been shot. The wadding was apparently new and one other piece bore the inscription of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company. The wadding was numbered "12," and contained the words and letters, "U. M. C. Co. New Club No. 2, Loaded by U. M. C. Co. 34." The introduction of the wad described at once caused inquiry to be made in East Point

The Inquest Not Concluded.
Coroner Paden went down to East Point early yesterday morning and spent most of the day there and at the guano factory, where the inquest over the dead man was begun but not concluded. Little information could be obtained, and after several hours' deliberation the coroner adjourned the session of his jury until Monday after-

FOR RENT

By John J. Woodslee, the Renting Agent
50 N. Broad Street.

5-r. h.	85 Jenkins.....	25 00
5-r. h.	Inman Park, Wyly street.....	18 00
5-r. h.	23 Walker.....	10 00
6-r. h.	and store, 225 Simpson.....	23 00
5-r. h.	15 N. Broad street.....	25 00
5-r. h.	15 W. Ga. ave.....	25 00
5-r. h.	208 Angel ave.....	30 00
5-r. h.	110 E. Franklin.....	25 00
11-r. h.	34 Capitol avenue.....	45 00
7-r. h.	21 Makham.....	18 00
5-r. h.	115 E. Exchange.....	15 00
5-r. h.	1006 Marietta.....	15 00
5-r. h.	and store, 65 Rawson.....	15 00
5-r. h.	1006 Marietta.....	15 00
6-r. h.	45 Peters.....	20 00
5-r. h.	208 Simpson (2 servants' rooms).....	25 00
5-r. h.	1006 Marietta.....	15 00
6-r. h.	60 Auburn.....	20 00

Will move all parties renting from us absolutely.

a piano, typewriter, bicycle, scholarship, gun, buggy, kodak, desk, etc. Write R. Lee Sharpe, Carrollton, Ga. "I pay postage."

WANTED—To trade good Columbia bicycle for typewriter. Would give or take boot. Address Writer, care Constitution.

WEWILL take in exchange on piano of your own selection from our stock a good

LADIES' COLUMN.

SELLING OUT—Fine pictures and frames at any price to close out; call while selections are good. 9 1/2 Whitehall st.

SILVER PLATED knives, forks and spoons; in addition to our regular stock

established grocery business in the city, centrally located with big line of customers. Bad health cause for selling. Address "B," care Constitution.

July 10 6t wed fri sun tues thr sun

SUCCESSFUL SPECULATION—Send for our book, "The Scalper," explains the best method of trading in grain, stocks and provisions on limited margins; all facilities.

MEN AND V
on portrait
homes by
Those learn
nished woc
earn \$8 to
ulars. H.

MONEY TO LOAN.
On Watches, Diamonds, Jewellery, Guns, Musical Instruments. Business transactions confidential. We have a large assortment of unraised pledges in watches and diamonds for sale cheap. CAPITAL CITY TRUST CO., 113 Marietta street, between Peachtree and Broad.

brick store and basement for wholesale produce or groceries; close in.

Offices and large workshop for manufacturing machinery, very near center.

Superior coal and lumber yard.

Room residence; north side; lat September.

Room residence; west end, lat September; gas water and bath.

New brick corner store, W. Mitchell.

6-acre farm, five miles; south side.

Room cottages, West End, for boarders.

or heat by C. H. Girardeau, S East
Walbridge St., Kimball House.

or-h. 1	Capitol Avenue.	25	00
or-h. 2	Cooper street.	25	00
or-h. 3	Orange street.	25	00
or-h. 3	231 Hillard street.	25	00
or-h. 4	231 Simpson street.	25	00
or-h. 5	329 Paddock street.	25	00
or-h. 6	Hood street.	25	00

Trunks, etc., sold on easy terms, highest prices paid for second hand goods; dealing in second hand clothing; repairing, cleaning and dyeing neatly and promptly done by first-class tailors. 158 Decatur st., Atlanta, Ga.

TYPENRITERS AND SUPPLIES.

YOST WRITING MACHINE. Improved model; in perfect repair, without scratch or blemish; used very short time; cheap. \$25.00. \$20.00 will buy Remington, Smith, Calligraph, Hammond or Yost, lately captured by the visible writing Williams typewriter. Typewriter supplies. Hardin, No. 15 Peachtree.

FOUND.

FOUND—A place where you can get your teeth extracted absolutely without pain. I have made it a specialty for ten years. E. T. Morgan, apud Chamberlain, Johnson & Co., 100 N. Peachtree.

FOR SALE—Four shares Atlanta Trust and Banking Company stock at discount. Address H. Perdue, Barnesville, Ga.

FOR SALE—I offer the state of Georgia general agency of the Georgia Life Insurance company for sale; now paying about \$200 per month. Address C. P. O. Box 445, Atlanta, Ga. July 21, Mon, mon.

\$10,000 STATE of Georgia 3 1/4 per cent bonds due 1923, for sale. John Blackmar, Company, stock and bond brokers, Columbus, Ga. July 19—fri sun mon wed

FOR EXCHANGE.

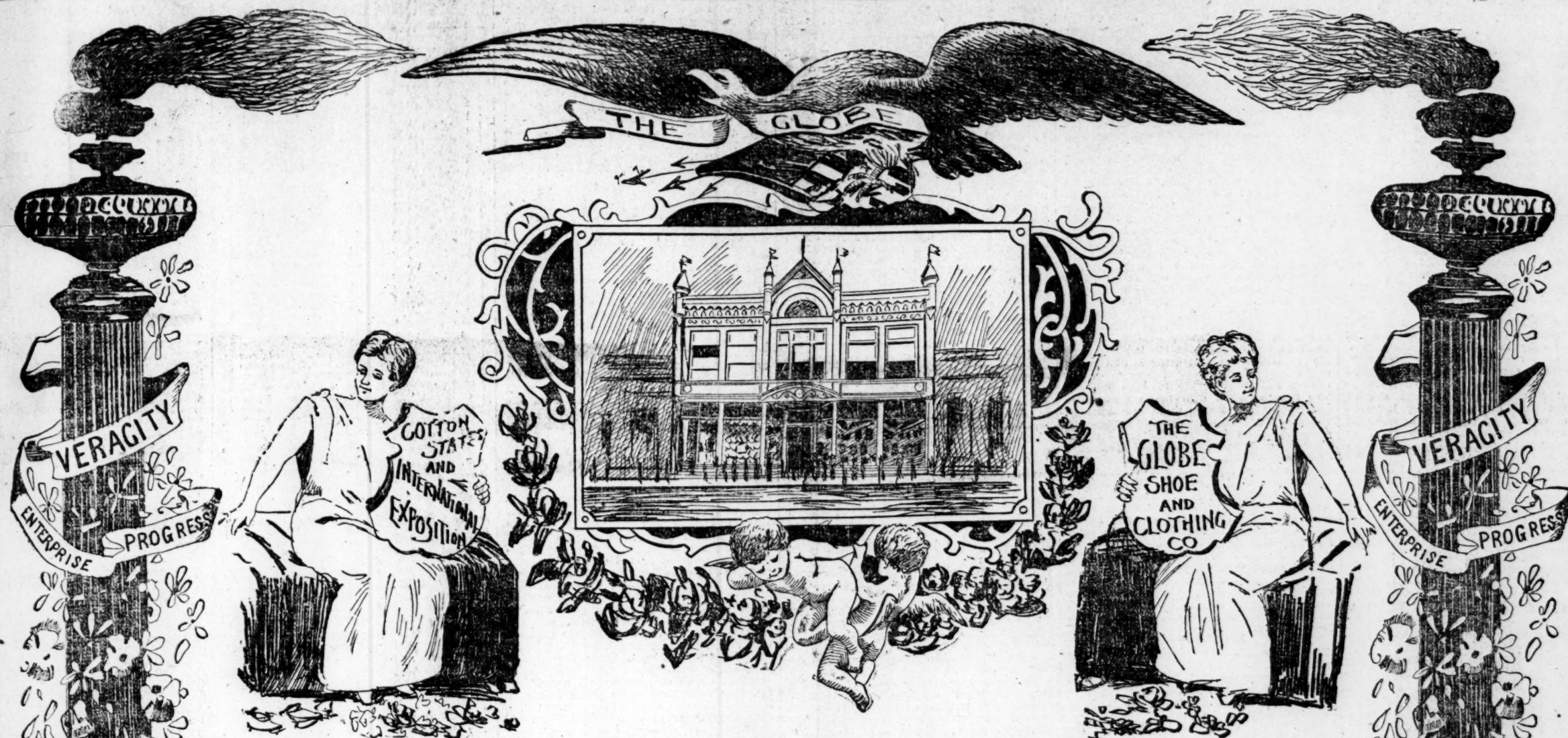
FOR EXCHANGE—Atlanta suburban property for improved village property; will pay difference if suited. K. C. Constitution.

FOR EXCHANGE—An unincumbered home near public school, for a farm about ten miles out on public road; worth about

liable nitro
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 WANTED
 board, Hig
 plenty fees
 loan agent
 HIGHLY
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 WANTED
 Will trade
 cross built
 WILL PAY
 prior to 18
 We sell
 Georgia H
 OSCAR W
 about 10
 cents silv
 Publishin

Don't you think that it would be a good idea to come and see what we can do for you in the purchase of a Suit, Hat and Furnishings. No use to quote prices here—prices mean nothing unless you see them on the goods. The prices are such, however, that you can make that salary of yours go, further HERE than anywhere else. Will you do it?

GEO. MUSE CLOTHING CO.
Men's and Boys' Outfitters,
38 WHITEHALL ST.



Some More Rare Offerings

We'll thank you for telling us how we can treat you better. We want to make this a PERFECT STORE. We know that the nearer we can come to that the greater our trade will be. We mean to win the trade by deserving it, for by that means comes solid, permanent success. We don't pretend to be philanthropists. We are in business to make money, but we are not in a hurry. We believe that if liberality and scrupulous honesty cut off some present profit, WE SHALL BE MORE THAN REPAID IN INCREASED PERMANENT PATRONAGE.

Men's Suits.

\$10.00 Suits, made of all-wool material, in dark, medium and light colors, newest styles, well trimmed, the greatest bargain we have ever offered. Special price during this sale.....\$5

\$12 and \$13.50 Suits, made of good, honest, all-wool materials, in all the desirable colors and leading styles, at a price that does not cover the actual cost of the cloth and trimmings. Special price during this sale.....\$6.50

\$15 Suits, made of stylish blue and black Serges, fancy Cheviots, black Tibets, Worsted and Cassimeres, hundreds of stylish patterns to select from, any of them excellent values at the original price. Special price during this sale.....\$7.50

\$18 Suits, made from the most fashionable fabrics known to the trade; the finest Suit you ever looked at for the price, a perfect fit guaranteed. Special price during this sale.....\$9.75

\$20 Suits, made of the finest American and imported fabrics, in all the leading styles, made, trimmed and finished by skilled tailors. Special price during this sale.....\$12.50

Men's and Boys' Hats.

Boys' Duck Yacht Caps, in assorted colors, and Boys' and Children's Straw Sailor Caps.....15c

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats, good value at 50c, for this sale.....25c

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats, good value at 75c, for this sale.....48c

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats, good value at \$1.50 and \$2, for this sale.....98c

Furnishing Goods.

MEN'S NECKWEAR—

One hundred dozen Silk Tecks, regular 25c quality, choice...10c

Sixty-five dozen choice Silk and Satin Tecks, Four-in-Hands and Band Bows, all colors, choice.....25c

Choice of the finest Neckwear in our store.....50c

MEN'S SUSPENDERS—

Good strong Suspenders, worth up to 25c, great value.....10c

Fine French Web and imitation Guyot, good 50c value.....25c

Fine Silk imported Suspenders, worth 75c, choice.....48c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR—

Good quality Balbriggan Shirts or Drawers or Pepperell Jeans Drawers, great value.....25c

Fine silk finished Shirts or Drawers, any size, great at.....38c

Fine imported French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth \$1, take them at.....48c

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS—

Fancy border hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 10c, choice...5c

Fancy border hemstitched Handkerchiefs, good 20c value, choice.....10c

White or fancy hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 25c, our price.....15c

White and fancy border Silk Handkerchiefs, just from Japan, some from China, all of them bargains, our price.....25c

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS—

Laundered or unlaundered, made from percale and Oxford cloth, good 75c kind, here at.....48c

Laundered Negligee, made of fine percale, anywhere else, \$1, here.....60c

Monarch Negligee Shirts, Atlanta price, \$1.25, the Globe's price.....98c

Our Mail Order Department.

We make a specialty of mail order business, sending goods to all parts of the country. We guarantee all goods to be exactly as represented or refund the money. This feature of our business secures and retains the confidence of a vast patronage who have found it a pleasure to deal with a house whose reliability is assured and where orders are promptly filled. Samples of Suits and Pants or price list of Shoes sent to any address.



THE GLOBE
SHOE & CLOTHING CO

89. Whitehall.

Atlanta, Ga.

74-76 S. Broad.

WE AIM
TO DESERVE
CONTINUED
SUCCESS

FLINGS AT FOLLY AS SHE FLIES



"Great Scott! Do th' want ter make hams out o' us?"

Much To Bear.

From The Chicago Post.

"I swear," he cried, passionately. "Don't," she interrupted, "it's wrong to swear." "Why mock me?" he asked bitterly. "I am old, it is true, but I love you fondly, truly, devotedly." "Prove it," she said coldly. "I am young and beautiful and have had many men at my feet—young men in the flush of manhood. You are old enough to—"

"I don't think of my age. Think only of my love. Think of all I would do for you, all I would give to—"

"What would you give?" she interrupted. "Anything—everything. I would give my life." "I don't want it." "What more can I do? What would you have?"

"Well, I was thinking of your insurance. How much is it?"

Then he knew that she was not for him; that there was something about the heart he had been after that made it resemble an automatic lightning calculator, and he went sadly out into the cold world, although the thermometer registered 95.

Precaution All Around.
From The Youth's Companion.

A carpenter, sent to make some repairs in a private house, entered the apartment

of the lady of the house with his apprentice.

"Mary," the lady called to her servant, "see that my jewel case is locked at once."

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest with a significant air and gave them to his apprentice.

"Now," he said, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that the house isn't safe!"

Jests in Jingle.
The poet sings in glowing rapture pent.

While the white clouds in airy grace un-

fold, 'Tis the winter of our discontent.

Made glorious summer by the summer girl."

Soon will the mountains and the shore
Be filled with summer girls, and then,
Despite the scorn they feel for us,
Will come the same old wall for men.

—Philadelphia Record.

Mary had a little lamb,
The lamb was very tough,
Under the circumstances
A little was enough.

—Detroit Tribune.

When women mount their spinning wheels
And cut all sorts of capers,
They shouldn't be surprised to see
Their bloomers in the papers.

—Puck.

Twins.
By Edgar Mills.

From The New York Recorder.

Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw were at breakfast, he engrossed with a newspaper, she reading some letters. They had been married nearly a year and no cloud of unhappiness had as yet strayed across their path. She was a dainty little thing, a modernized Watteau shepherdess, clever and bright, but inordinately jealous. He was a big, jolly fellow, who loved his wife devotedly and who would rather have cut his mis-

tache off than to have caused her sorrow. Both had been silent for nearly five minutes when he looked up from his paper.

"Just listen a minute, dear," he said, "here's something funny. A man married a childless widow and a week later discovered that she had seven children, while she found that he was possessed of four. And now they're suing each other for divorce."

"Isn't that awful?" chirped Mrs. Henshaw; "why can't people be honest and tell their mates what they did before marriage? I'm sure I told you everything I ever did."

"That's a darned sight more than I did," thought the devoted Mr. Henshaw, but he didn't say a word. The couple had just resumed reading, when the bell rang, and in the course of time a messenger entered with a telegram addressed to Mr. Henshaw. While he signed for it, Mrs. Henshaw opened the envelope and said:

"May I read it, dear?"

"Certainly," replied her husband, "it's some business I guess."

A moment later she gave a shriek, turned white and then red.

"Oh," she exclaimed, glaring in fury at her husband. "Oh! you—wretch! you!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked her dumfounded husband.

"Matter? You villain! Read this," and with that she handed her better half the telegram.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" exclaimed that worthy, as he read:

"Boston, September 23.—To Guy Henshaw: Twins. (Signed) J. A. NEMESIS."

"You villain! You wretch!" thundered Mrs. Henshaw. "Who's Jane Nemesis? Who's the twins? You (sob) have (sob)

broken my (sob) heart (sob). I'm going (sob) back to (sob) my (sob) mother (sob) this very (sob) minute."

"But, my dear—" expostulated the husband.

"Don't you 'dear' me. You've got no right to (sob) call me 'dear.' (Sob.) Go to your (sob) real (sob) wife and your (sob) twins. (Sob.) Oh, you wretch, you—"

Matters went from bad to worse, and would have ended seriously when there was another ring and another messenger boy entered.

"It's (sob)—it's tri-tri-ple-a," sobbed Mrs. Henshaw, and she burst into violent tears.

"No'm, it ain't," said the messenger boy. "The other message wuz spelled wrong. This here one is right."

With that he handed Mr. Henshaw the second telegram. He opened it with feverish haste, evil forebodings chasing each other across his mind. Then he burst out in a guffaw and handed his astonished wife the corrected telegram, which read:

"Boston, September 23.—To Guy Henshaw: T. wins (Signed) J. A. NEMESIS."

"Why, it's from Uncle Jack!" exclaimed the delighted Mrs. Henshaw; "he's won his big law case." And she fell upon her husband's neck and hugged and kissed him until the waiting messenger boy exclaimed:

"Hully Geel!"

Looked Him Up.
From The Cincinnati Tribune.

His ardent suit was sternly spurned; He swore that she was fickle, But she was not. She had just learned He wasn't worth a nickel.

So He Was.
From The Indianapolis Journal.

The boy stood on the burning deck, They could not make him jump; And so they left him there and said: "He's game—but what a chump!"

"Father," said the small boy, "a man that drinks whisky to excess is a chump, isn't he?"

"Yes—only it isn't very nice to use slang."

"Well, if he drinks whisky till he gets a bloom on his nose—"

"What of it?"

"Then he's a blooming chump, isn't he?"

—Washington Star.

A DOWN SHOOT.

1. Officer—Dis business of a-lookin' at de game widout payin' is got ter be stopped.

2.—git off!"

2.—"Yer you kid—"

4.—"Good hit Swipesy, all th' way round."

DOWN ON MICHIGANDERS.
And as the Postmaster Did Not Want To See a Fine He Gave Warning.

From The Detroit Free Press.

As I sat on the baggage truck on the depot platform talking with the colonel, the postmaster came up in an excited manner and asked of me:

"Did I understand you to say you were from Michigan?"

"Yes, sir; from Michigan."

"Have you got a pistol?"

"No."

"Then, colonel, you had best walk him down behind the cotton bales till the train comes along."

"What's wrong?" I asked, as we rode up.

"Why, a Michigan man come down here a few weeks ago and overhauled the books in our bank and found the cashier short by \$5,000."

"And how am I to blame for that?"

"I dunno; but the cashier is looking for you and swearing to shoot anybody from Michigan, and colonel, you run him down behind the cotton and see that he gets away on the train. No, you aren't to blame, of course; but you must acknowledge that it was a dawg-gone mean trick to play on a man who'd been stealing for ten years and was just on the point of getting away with the rest of the funds."

He'd witnessed football, and was sane, Seen football teams kick off; But died from softening of the brain Brought on by games of golf.

THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN.

Waiter—See here, young fellow, you'll hafta put yer coat on, or we can't wait on you.

"What ever became of our old chum, Har-iss?"

"Oh, he's leading a very fast life."

"You don't say."

"Yes, he's running a trolley car."

PRETTY SPEEDY.

Dr. W. L. Champion & CHAMPION.

rectal diseases, Hemorrhoids, Piles, etc.

Building, Atlanta, Ga.

and Bank Company of Georgia.

of securities have been rendered the plan of re-organizing the Mercantile Trust Company, Thomas and the Southern Bank and securities covered by Savannah and other bonds are hereby notified that they must be deposited with the Southern Bank before July 1st, 1895. The purchasers reserve the right to impose terms and conditions after such date. THE TRUST COMPANY OF GEORGIA, J. Fitzgerald, President.

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THE CYCLING WORLD.

Edited by JULIAN HARRIS.

The bicycle people over the country are about to let a splendid opportunity for advertising their wheels go by. At present there is more space for bicycle exhibits than has been applied for, and the exposition people, I am told, are anxious to hear from more manufacturers.

It is true that just at present the demand for bicycles is so great that all the factories, even those turning out the cheapest grade of wheels, are from two weeks to three months behind on orders. There is no doubt but that, just as all dealers claim the people seem to be wanting to ride right now. The manufacturers are very much pressed with the present business and think, perhaps, that they cannot afford the time to look after making an exhibit at the Cotton States and International.

If they do not make exhibits they will have lost both time and opportunity. By this time next year, or sooner, all orders will be pretty much within the capacity of the factories and the agents will be on the hustle for business. By this time, too, the riding public will have tried any number of wheels and will be wanting to know which is the best. At present there are a number of very cheap, inefficient wheels on the market. These will break down, but I do not anticipate that the craze will be some as pleasant as a craze. The riders will be looking for good wheels. This is the territory—the south—that will be after the wheels next year and the year after. This section is just developing the fad well and manufacturers cannot afford to miss a splendid opportunity like this. The W. D. Pope Company has written regarding space, and the Monarch Cycle Company, the Western Wheel Company, the G. M. Shirk Manufacturing Company and the Davis Sewing Machine Company will all exhibit wheels.

Every big factory should make a showing at the Atlanta exposition.

Now, a word to the exposition people. The exposition should have a wheelman of America. This could be a splendid feature. There could be a parade in the morning and there would be not less than 2,500 wheelmen and fully 300 bloomers in line. The run on the asphalt and chert is an ideal one. In the afternoon there could be a couple of road races or one road race of fifty or seventy-five or even a hundred miles, with the finish on the asphalt or on Pryor street, where the last two or three miles are on a fine road. The prizes could be given partly by the exposition company. The value of the first prize could be \$50, the second and third could be wheels and the fourth and fifth some minor prizes, aggregating about \$50. Local firms, I am sure, could be induced to give the wheels and the exposition company could stand for the first prize. Vice Consul Keenan, of Pennsylvania, is working for a day for cycles, an exposition official informed me, and he should receive the hearty co-operation of the Atlanta wheelmen and the exposition.

It is a wonder that no more injuries by reason of reckless riding are recorded. The scorchers go down Peachtree street at an almost incalculable rate. Several times I have been an eye-witness to some very narrow escapes. There is a law against this rapid, foolish riding, and Captain Jennings says he intends that it shall be enforced. This law says that no one shall ride within the city limits faster than six miles an hour and no rider shall ride between street cars when passing, nor ride in front of a moving car within fifty feet of the car. Any violation of this law is punishable by a fine of not more than \$100 or imprisonment for thirty days. Go out into the country to do your scorching.

Atlanta may have a bicycle factory shortly. In a conversation a day or two ago Mr. W. D. Gash, senior member of the Gash company, told me that he had received a letter from a gentleman who wished to invest about \$50,000 in a bicycle factory. He wrote wishing to find out what inducements could be offered in the way of relief from taxes and securing a good site cheaply. The factory would keep about 300 men busy and would turn out a high grade wheel at the rate of 4,000 a year. It is to be hoped that the correspondence will result in the factory being established here in a short while.

Young Kendall Spear is a rider that some bicycle firm or some good trainer will find a jewel in. He is only fifteen years old yet holds the Tennessee state record for both the quarter mile and the mile. He went the quarter mile in thirty-two seconds. This is remarkable time in a competitive race. He was in fine shape to win the five-mile race, too, having a lead of thirty feet when only a few feet away from the tape. Unluckily, he was thrown by a small rock and was severely hurt. He is not in very good form just now, but in a few weeks could be brought out. He is a coming short distance rider.

The Young Men's Christian Association Bicycle Club took its weekly run yesterday. The route was to East Lake and some good, steady riding was made. At the lake watermelons, cool and delicious, were served and the ride back to town was then made. This every week run is already a great feature of the club. Several members joined last week.

F. G. Byrd, captain of the Young Men's Christian Association Bicycle Club, is out

of the city on a vacation. He will return next week after listening for a while to the sounding s.a. He took his wheel and is enjoying long rides on the beach.

Carl Fort, the five-mile boys' handicapper, won both time prize and the race. He went the distance in the clipping pace of twenty-one minutes and thirty seconds.

RACING GOSSIP AND RECORD TALK

Champion Arthur A. Zimmerman was one of the features of the Asbury park meet. He gave the cyclists a reception at his pretty home, leading the way at the head of the long line of wheels. The wheelmen were greeted by Zimmerman, pere, who proudly explained that "Zim" was a chip of the old block, and then everybody cheered the old block. The old block has holy horrors of wheels and will not attempt to ride one. He lets Zimmerman, his, do the riding for the entire Zimmerman family and he couldn't trust it to better legs. Zimmerman paced the races unflinchingly and went a couple of times against time. "Zim" went a third of a mile in thirty-six seconds, which is not slow. He also took a try for a mile. He was paced by a quad and kept right up with them. He not only kept up but crossed the tape even with the first man in the splendid time of 1:57.45. Zimmerman sailed last Wednesday on the St. Louis for Southampton, where he expects to meet Protin, the N. C. U. champion, and Hubert Houben, the famous Belgian. Leaving Europe he will go to Australia, where he will remain until spring. His wife accompanied him.

"When the Denver crowd of wheelmen left Asbury park they were sadly missed," says a writer in a New York paper. From the day that Mr. Bradley conceived the idea of Asbury park to the present time it has never been so popular as it has been by the Denver wheelmen. They never went to bed before 2 a. m., and they sang and joked and raised no end of jolly mischief. They started the silver question and also the fashion of greening every one, acquaintance or stranger, with "Hello, Bill."

"For two days an interchange is heard everywhere. It runs like this: "Would you work for \$1 a day?" asked a man.

"No," comes in emphatic chorus.

"How much will you work for?" pursues the questioner.

"Two dollars," replies the chorus.

"How will you have it?" demands a voice.

"In silver," falls the chorus.

"Talm, sedate people, who feared that bicycles and bicycle talk would drive them insane, have found this Denver dialogue and the 'Hello, Bill,' a counter irritant."

Champion Zimmerman has a good level head on his shoulders—perhaps that's one of the reasons why he avoids Johnson—and in speaking of loafing in races says:

"I do not think that the races now are as exciting as they were before I went abroad. Then there was no pacing by a tandem or a quad, and the men held pretty well together until the last quarter; then they jumped away. There is no way of getting around loafing races without pacing, but it seems to me that the present system is entirely wrong. It makes fast time, but it doesn't make hard races and close and exciting finishes; neither does it increase a man's real ability. As it is now the man on the tandem and the one next to him are all right. They will be carried along, but the others receive no benefit. They are completely tired out by their sprinting to keep up with the man who is on the tandem and who is moving along with little effort."

When the time comes for them to jump out, the man on the tandem and the one next are fresh and strong and can go in, but none of the others has an earthly show unless he is a phenomenon."

L. D. Cabanne, the St. Louis rider, received a rough tumble in a trial heat at the Asbury park races. Although he received much sympathy and later was applauded when he pluckily entered a race but was forced out by his injuries, much of it seems to have been misplaced. A friend writes me that the fault was Cabanne's almost entirely. He says he is confident that Cabanne's own recklessness precipitated the accident. Cabanne, he writes, had a narrow escape from colliding with the others when he attempted to get a position just before sending a bunch down. When he finally collided he was trying to secure the pole. Cabanne was sent flying over his wheel and was run over by another wheel. He looked very dangerous for a few seconds. The stretchers were called into the number of three.

Another big plan has come out of the west. The story now comes that a company has been formed in Milwaukee for the purpose of constructing an elevated bicycle road to Chicago. The distance is eighty miles. The plan is to construct a wooden elevated road sixteen feet wide on nearly a straight line between the two cities and have the terminus at near the business center of the two cities as possible. The toll is to be 10 cents. Its projectors predict that 20,000 wheelmen per week will ride over, making an income of \$2,000 a week. There will be no other vehicles permitted on the road. It will also be rented

to meet for road racing, furnishing a splendid track.

Having mentioned roads, there is an incident of the plucky sort that comes from Brooklyn. It is told that one hears from Brooklyn, or hears that anybody in Brooklyn or any set of men are doing anything. It may be that Brooklyn is in the shadow of the metropolis. But the cyclists in Brooklyn are awake. Some time ago they stood up in their wrath and yelled for a good road from Prospect park to Coney island. They got it. This establishes the Brooklyn record. It is said, too, that bicycles are nearly as numerous as baby carriages in Brooklyn.

Martin Duxbury, the well-known cyclist, is now in California, having reached there last week. He crossed the continent on a wheel from Providence to San Francisco. From Kansas City he wheeled across the plains, going 650 miles in six and a half days. In Denver he met Mr. and Mrs. McIlraith, who are wheeling around the world for a Chicago newspaper. He rode with them across the desert, from Grand Junction to Salt Lake city. Duxbury will remain in California until July 25th, when he will start back on wheel for New York.

There are all sorts of cycle cranks. Amos Holmes, of Unadilla, N. Y., ninety-four years of age, claims to be the oldest bicycle rider in the state. A New York paper says:

"The tricks of the trade may turn up in many ways. There is just at present a very giddy way in the neighborhood of Swedesboro, Pa., between the cyclists and the turnpike companies, with cyclists a couple of laps ahead. The companies charge toll through the various gates for wheelmen, and the wheelmen claim the fee is exorbitant. They now shoulder their wheels and trip through in fine style. As this move classes the cycles as baggage, the turnpike people are nursing their wrath, it is said."

There was an unusual occurrence in Nashville this last week. A cyclist was wheeling down one of the prominent streets in that city when a loud report



A PICTURE OF THE PAST AND A VISION OF THE PRESENT. Did Mrs. Amelia E. Bloomer in 1851 Forsee the Bicycle Bloomer as It Is Today.

"Holmes challenges any man of his age in the state to race for any number of miles." The old gentleman somewhat perturbedly said: "If he is the oldest man in the state, as he claims, he can possibly find no grounds for such a challenge."

William H. Savage, of Harvard, Mass., is not challenging anybody, but is riding for his own amusement. He is seventy-five years old and quite a cycling expert. Recently he rode from Harvard to Rockland, Me., a distance of 393 miles. This is the record so far.

A new tandem record for three miles has been made at Oxford, England. Woodgreen and Chase, two English riders, went the distance in six minutes—a feat to be proud of. Weatherly and Rosser went a mile the same day in 1:35, tandem.

Otto Ziegler, the California demon, attracted much attention at Asbury park. He wore an Irish green suit and the rims of his wheel were green. He is a clever rider, too.

Albert Eckerson, of South Brooklyn, has ridden 5,600 miles thus far this season. He must devote a great deal of time to his cycling.

Natt Butler is now the two-mile national champion. He won out in 4:26. The first mile was gone over in 2:09. It was a heart-breaking finish.

SPOKE-FROM VARIOUS WHEELS.

Wheeling is quite the go in England as well as in the United States and those who have been refraining from cycling for fear that it was not permitted by the English may now safely to ahead. A writer in a New York paper says that one of the incidents of the government has been a bicycle ride from Hatfield to Pail Mall. When Lord Salisbury received tidings of Lord Rosebery's resignation and his own summons to Windsor castle he was at his residence in Hatfield, about

eighteen miles from King's Cross. He desired to open communication at once with the leaders and whips of his party and asked a messenger for uniformed constables before his visit to Windsor. He was about to order a special car, but his secretary said he could make it on his wheel, which he very promptly did. This is probably the first time where a bicycle has been brought into use in an English or European crisis.

Andrew Spence, a Los Angeles rider, has put the wheel to a practical test. He is journeying toward Omaha with a wheel weighing seventy pounds, with all the appliances. The bicycle is fitted with masts and sails and is a land schooner. When the wind is favorable the sails come into handy use. Mr. Spence is on a missionary tour around the world and he preaches the gospel along the route. On one side of the sail of his cycle are printed the ten commandments and on the reverse side are painted symbolical representations of the visions of Ezekiel. Daniel and other Hebrew prophets. He preaches wherever he can secure an audience.

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"No," snapped Cissie; "I am not in the habit of tumbling."

"Ah!" said Jack, "I see what is the matter. The tire is punctured. I knew that would happen. I shouted after you to tell you of this bit of road, but you would not listen."

"I did not hear you," said Cissie, at which assertion Jack raised his eyebrows and looked very dangerous for a few seconds. The stretchers were called into the number of three.

Another big plan has come out of the west. The story now comes that a company has been formed in Milwaukee for the purpose of constructing an elevated bicycle road to Chicago. The distance is eighty miles. The plan is to construct a wooden elevated road sixteen feet wide on nearly a straight line between the two cities and have the terminus at near the business center of the two cities as possible. The toll is to be 10 cents. Its projectors predict that 20,000 wheelmen per week will ride over, making an income of \$2,000 a week. There will be no other vehicles permitted on the road. It will also be rented

"Why, of course, not," returned Jack, sitting down on the opposite bank and leaning his bicycle against the hedge. "A person who comes out on a wheel and doesn't know how to mend anything that goes wrong is simply a silly fool. One can see you understand about cycling, because you have left your machine lying on the ground and the oil is running out of your lamp."

Cissie looked at the young man in amazement.

"Isn't your lamp," she said at last, "and I can surely do what I like with my own. I don't see what right you have to interfere."

"Bless you, Cissie," said Jack, "I am not interfering. I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing a woman take off a pneumatic tire and mend the inner tube. This, of course, you have to do before you can move on, for you are miles away from any place, and even if you left your machine here you would not dare to walk home in that idiotic costume."

Cissie blushed deeply, and the tears came into her unusually bright eyes. She tugged nervously at the skirts of her coat, and then, seeing what she was doing and finding that they but scantily covered her knees, she stopped for a moment as if she were going to burst out crying, for it had taken some bravery to come out for the

first time in knickerbockers. However, instead of crying she blazed out at him in anger:

"What business is it of yours," she cried, "how I am dressed? You are nothing to me, and I am sure I don't care a penny for your opinion one way or another."

"I don't suppose you do," said Jack, striking a match and lighting his pipe. "I used to be under the impression that you knew how to dress. I am not any longer. I used to think that you could not put on anything that would be unbecoming. Now I hold no such opinion. I once had an idea that nothing you put on would make a guy of you, but now, Jack, that idea has fled. Still, I must say that I admire your bravery in coming out in the daylight, where people can see you, in such a rig. It is utterly futile for you to pull together the skirts of that coat when you had on a pretty lawn tennis costume, for instance, do not affect me a bit when they are said by one who merely looks like a saucy, impudent boy."

When he looked around again Cissie had sat down and had drawn her bicycle up behind it, as if, with its spindly legs, it could hide the awfulness of the costume.

"Well, Ciss," cried Jack; "when are you going to get at mending that tire?"

"I—I—I—don't know anything about tires," cried Cissie.

Cissie had bent her head upon her hands, which rested on the saddle of her bicycle. It was quite evident that she was in tears, and Jack, waiting for a reply, smoked on in silence.

At last he said in a gentle voice: "Look here, Cissie, you are a very nice girl. I will take off that pneumatic tire and mend it in five minutes by the watch."

Cissie looked up again with something like her former indignation in her eyes. "I'll throw the machine into the stream,"

she said, "before I will ask you to mend it."

"Just as you please, Cissie," replied Jack, clasping his hand behind his head and leaning back in luxurious enjoyment of his pipe. "Just as you please. The day is my own, and I suppose you will wait till night before you venture back home, again. Out of the kindness of my heart I will stay here with you, not to look at you, for I shall gaze at the tops of the trees as much as possible, and not to talk to you, for if there is anything in this world I abhor it is an impudent, cheeky boy. But this lane is a great place for tramps and gypsies, and it becomes very dark at night because of the overhanging trees. It is a gruesome thoroughfare, and a nasty place in which to meet a villain after the sun has gone down."

"I have already met a villain and a brute," sobbed Cissie, who had now let the bicycle go and had buried her face in her hands. "I abhor it is an impudent, cheeky boy. But this lane is a great place for tramps and gypsies, and it becomes very dark at night because of the overhanging trees. It is a gruesome thoroughfare, and a nasty place in which to meet a villain after the sun has gone down."

"If you refer to me, Cissie," said Jack, "this is simply like most of the things you have said—not true. I am only too pleased to be of any assistance to anybody, but at the same time, although you might not have thought it by my former conduct, I am too proud to offer any assistance unasked."

Jack smoked on, gazing up, as he had promised, at the tree tops. The silence was broken only by the sweet singing of the birds and now and then by a quick catch of the breath on the part of Cissie. Five minutes elapsed, and then ten more.

"Jack," said Cissie, without raising her head.

"Did you speak?" inquired the young man.

"Jack," she said, "I am perfectly helpless, and I think you have been very kind to me."

"All right," said the young man, rising to his feet. "I will go away. But do

not forget to get out of this lane before darkness comes on."

"Don't go away," cried Cissie. "Please forgive what I said, and won't you be kind as to mend my tire?"

Jack picked up the bicycle, took off the dripping lamp, turned the machine over the wrong side up, took the materials out of his own cycle pouch, had the tire of the machine again and gumped full in an incredible short space of time. Righting the machine and putting the lamp on once more he held up his hand.

"There," he said, "you see how quickly a thing is fixed when the time is wasted in foolish conversation. Are you going any farther, Cissie? If you are, I would advise you to walk your machine over the stones."

"No," said Cissie, with a deep, quivering sigh; "I am going home as quickly as I can, and then I will burn this awful costume. I did not really want to put on, but all the girls in our club have worn the costume is all right, and I don't want to be laughed at for wearing a plain one and suits you down to the ground. When a girl talks kindly to me it is simply one of the nastiest costumes that ever was contrived by a tailor, but I say, Cissie, don't think we have misunderstood each other. I am sure you are a very nice girl, and I think that a bicycle made for two would require less exertion than a couple of single machines."

"I don't know but it would," said Cissie, looking up with a smile that was the sweetest because it was just the slightest suspicion of a quiver at the corners of her pretty lips.

And then Jack, with a villainy that surprised himself, taking advantage of the lonely situation, stooped down and, with resistance, did not resist.

"My wife said she was going to loan me a wheel," a well-known Atlanta rider yesterday. He smiled and a look crept into his eyes. "Have a cigarette," he said, abruptly. "What about the bicycle?" I asked. "Oh," he continued, puffing, "I will give her the credit of trying to learn. I told her that I would keep it in my closet, but it's too good to be in a closet. She secured two instructors and bought a new machine. The machine cost \$85, one of the instructors kept the machine. It was pretty badly broken up. My wife stayed indoors two days. She was angry at everybody. Then came another bicycle. Through some mistake it was a second-hand machine. I was with the steering apparatus I am now putting in a new side to our conservatory. I kept the wheel as a souvenir. Total cost \$36, and my wife's courage gone. If I were you I wouldn't mention it to her."

But this was certainly an exceptional case.

The Boston Journal's Town Talk says: "A contemporary, in an excellent article on fashions appropriate to the season, declares that no lady—at least no lady of fashion—should be without a bicycle. It is not a bracelet, or a neck jewel, or a ring, or an ear ornament. In correct contemporary dress, a bicycle is a necessity. It is of order on a wheel; better are finger rings needed when one is cycling."

Much has been said in a number of papers about Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt having appeared on a wheel last week. It is true that she rode last year, for I remember having seen her name in a list of ladies who were riding cycles at the time she and she was mentioned as having learned in 1894.

Women who ride cannot be too careful as to when and how long they exercise on their wheels. It is unhealthy to ride less than thirty minutes or an hour after a meal. No woman should ride over two

hours at one time, no matter how well she may be and how used to cycling. A little milk and biscuit is a light meal after riding. Racing and fancy riding are rather out of order for a woman.

How many of Atlanta's women are affected with the new bicycle craze? It is a sudden nervous twitching of the head around to the rear and is said to be expert to be noticeable only in the bicyclists. One writer says that in the case of it is the query, "Are my bloomers straight?" It is as yet not a very widespread ailment.

A very pretty bicycle suit for a woman is a circular skirt, buttoning neatly in the front, with a long, flowing, white, white belting, sleeves puffed at the cuffs reaching half way between the elbow and wrist, white sailor collar (detachable), smart Tam o' Shanter hat, white waist and gloves, gaiters and tan shoes.

Benjamin Harrison, presidential possibility, once said, according to The American Wheelman, that when he saw a man on a bicycle he felt like shooting him. The Wheelman says the presidential

overlops Harrison more than his grandnephew. In the meantime, it is reported that Miss Susan H. Anthony is preparing to ride a wheel and will soon appear in proper costume.

In closing her booklet Miss Willard writes the following to sister women: "Summers, all my force, I mounted and started alone. From that hour the spell was broken. Gladys was no more a mystery; I learned all her tricks, but put a bridge over her teeth and touched her mouth with the whip of victory. Consider, who are of considerable chronology, about thirteen hundred minutes, or, say, it more mildly, in twenty-two hours, to put it most mildly, of all, in less than a single day as the almanac reckons time, and practically in two days of actual practice—the delightful surroundings of the great outdoors, and inspired by bird-songs, the color and fragrance of the English plover-garden, in the company of devoted and pleasant comrades, I had myself master of the most remarkable, generous and inspiring motor ever yet devised upon this planet."

"Moral: Go thou and do likewise." All of which bespeaks well for the woman's love for cycling and a belief in it as a power of locomotion.

The recent lot of evening practicing cycles has resulted, so I am informed, several incidents which have been somewhat awkward. One evening last week a young woman who resides on the asphalt avenue, invited one of her very athletic friends to go for a little turn in the city, all consideration. It had never entered his mind that he would have to ride an art which, it is said, he has decided was undignified. But he didn't want to refuse. He practiced faithfully in the city at night and appeared ready to ride in a superb and very correct outfit. He rode along in a game but untidy fashion until suddenly the young lady who rides well and gracefully, made a sudden turn and spurred back towards him, and he was forced to stop. The movement was unexpected and in an endeavor to follow the young man was spilled at his head, and in a very muddy spot. Learning the young lady to sprint on, he was slowly and meditatively down a side street. By the way, he has purchased a ticket to the riding school, and as he is a very determined young man, he may soon be found among the 400's best cyclist.

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Made for Two.

By LUKE SHARP.

From The Detroit Free Press.

Jack Hinkston was a clever, bound hand and foot to her chariot wheel, or perhaps it would be more modern to say, now that she had taken to cycling, that he was bound to her bicycle wheel. She had flouted him and scorned him for upward of two years, and in despair Jack set himself at undoing his bonds. Jack had heard that Cissie had taken to the bicycle, but he had never seen the young lady on a machine. For the past week or two Jack had avoided Cissie, and all restrictions of abandonment had so strengthened themselves that he felt he would be a free man if he could merely keep away from her. He had taken out his bicycle, and had gone for a long wheel into the peaceful country, where he would have no comrades but the trees and the green fields and the hedges that bordered the lanes. As he cycled along a narrow country thoroughfare he heard behind him the sharp ring of a bicycle bell. Something in its imperative clang, or else the fact that he was on a lonely road, caused him to look over his shoulder, and he nearly tumbled off his machine with amazement and surprise. There was Cissie, the young lady, on a bicycle, and she was the very newest and most natty cut of an advanced woman's bicycle costume, clipping over the distance at a tremendous rate of speed. She passed him with a whirl, giving him a saucy nod and a salutation as

she went by. Jack was knocked all of a heap by the astonishing sight of Cissie in the very latest lady's bicycle costume. The next instant he put his muscles to the wheel and sped after her, shouting:

"Stop a minute, Cissie. I want to tell you something."

But the young woman never paid the slightest attention. She bent over the handle bars and raced down the lane in a way to make pedestrians' heads swim.

Cissie disappeared round a corner, and when Jack came to it she was not to be seen down the long avenue, on which the sunshine flickered through the entwining branches of the trees overhead. Jack went on leisurely for a mile or two, then he jumped lightly off his machine and trundled it along beside him. The road had suddenly become very bad, and Jack thought it safer to wheel the bicycle along by hand rather than risk a puncture of his pneumatic tires on the sharp flint stones scattered with such profusion along the way. Near a little rustic bridge over a clear stream at the bottom of a dell he found what he expected to find—a very pretty girl, with a most welcoming, disconsolate look on her face, sitting on the grassy bank looking forlornly at a bicycle that lay on the road with the tire of the hind wheel collapsed.

"Hulloa, Cissie," said Jack, breathlessly, "had a tumble?"

"No," snapped Cissie; "I am not in the habit of tumbling."

"Ah!" said Jack, "I see what is the matter. The tire is punctured. I knew

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1895.

THE MIDDLESEX CLUB.

A Profitable Adventure with an Alleged Indian Mound. : : :

Copyright, 1895, by William Murray Graydon

The origin of the Middlesex Collecting Club must be credited to Bob Wright's big brother Silas, who was a student at the Carlisle institute, ten miles across the valley. While home for the summer vacation he undertook to teach Bob and four of his companions the rudiments of botany and geology, and finding that they showed a great interest in his instructions he suggested that they should form a mutual improvement society.

"It will be a sort of a club, you know," he explained. "You can collect plants, and minerals, and anything else that takes your fancy, or that you want to learn about. And you will get as much pleasure as benefit out of it."

The five boys, whose ages lay between fourteen and sixteen, adopted the plan with enthusiasm, and Silas took good care that it did not fall through for lack of aid and energy. He gave the club its name, wrote a code of by-laws and helped to elect a president and secretary. The next thing was a meeting place, and Mr. Wright kindly loaned the small room over his wagon shed, which stood a little off the main street of the village of Middlesex. It was a cheerless abode when the boys took possession, but they quickly transformed it. They put strips of old carpet on the floor, tacked pictures on the walls and muslin curtains on the windows, and built a rude but serviceable row of shelves. The furniture—six assorted chairs, a bench and a big table—was donated by different parents.

Until it was time for him to return to college Silas accompanied the boys on many of their expeditions in the surrounding country, and helped them in other ways to add to their collection. When cold weather came, putting an end to further tramps, the shelves were nearly as full as they could be. The plants and leaves were neatly pressed in old copybooks, and several hundred postage stamps—home and foreign—were gummed on sheets of cardboard. Boxes of minerals and little blocks cut from the wood of different trees lay side by side with curious pebbles, fossils, and other things too numerous to mention. One whole shelf was covered with Indian relics—arrow and spear points, axes, tomahawks and fragments of decorated pottery.

An Important Meeting.

In April they started their tramps again, going out nearly every Saturday, and by the beginning of June they had added so extensively to their collection as to require a couple of additional shelves to be built. This set Bob Wright to thinking hard. As president and eldest member, he took a particular pride in the club, and was always planning improvements. Now he had a new idea, and for a week he kept it to himself, making occasional secret visits to John Baxter's carpenter shop. Then he surprised his fellow members by calling a special meeting of the club for the following Friday afternoon.

There was but one session of school that day, and when Bob went over to the club room after dinner he found Tom Pender and Jimmie Coble already present, Archie Neal, a merry, even-tempered lad, arrived

minutes, Bob rapped heavily on the table with a gavel and stood to his feet.

"This meeting is called to order," he announced.

"But what for, Mr. President?" asked Archie. "That's what we want to know."

"You'll know soon enough," exclaimed Bob, in a tone of rebuke. "You are out of order, sir. In the first place, fellows—I mean honorable members—I want to say that those shelves," waving his hand toward them, "do not sufficiently protect our collection, and are not large enough for it."

What the club needs is a cabinet of shelves and drawers with glass doors. I have seen Mr. Baxter about the matter, and he says he will make such a cabinet for the sum of \$5. It won't be painted or varnished, but we can do that ourselves."

Murmurs of approval greeted this brief speech.

Bob's Bright Idea.

"But where are you going to get the \$5?" exclaimed Archie. "I have no money, for one."

"Nor I," echoed Tom and Jim.

Jonas expressively pulled a dime from his pocket and laid it in full view on the

table. "How much is in the treasury, Mr. President?" he inquired.

"Exactly 7 cents," Bob replied, "and your generous contribution adds 10 cents more. I'm not done yet, though, so just hold on till I'm through. I suppose we could earn the money, but I don't want to wait that long, and then I have a better plan, anyway. You remember that queer shaped mound down by the creek. It's an Indian's grave, as everybody knows, and of course it's chock full of axes, and arrow heads, and other valuable things. So I propose we open it tomorrow morning, and as we've got a pretty good collection of Indian relics now we will sell part of what we find to Professor Dustin, of the Carlisle institute. They ought to bring \$5 easily."

"Do you mean the man with red whiskers and eye-glasses that came over here for a day last summer to hunt arrow heads with Silas?" asked Tom.

"Yes," Bob replied, "and I heard him say he'd give a good deal to open the mound. He'll be glad to buy the things, and we'll get Silas to sell them for us."

"Hurrah! that's \$5 easily earned," exclaimed Jimmie. "Won't it be great to have a fine cabinet with glass doors!"

"But we ought to ask permission before we dig, fellows," suggested Jonas. "You know the mound is on Solomon Mish's land."

"And a meaner skinflint of a farmer never lived," cried Jimmie. "He'd say no, right away, just of spite. We'd better not ask him."

"No; it wouldn't be any use," agreed Bob. "We're not going to do any harm, though, and when we're through digging we'll cover the mound over as it was before."

"I don't like it," Jonas said slowly. "What if we should be caught? Old Solomon's hired man is always prowling about at this time of year, watching the orchards."

"Who cares for Hezekiah Sprout?" cried Archie. "He has rheumatism in one leg, and can't run worth a cent. We'll take good care that he don't see us anyway."

Further discussion followed, and when the question was finally put to the vote it was carried unanimously, Jonas calling

"aye" as loudly as the rest. Bob jumped up and rapped on the table.

"This meeting stands adjourned sine die," he cried. "The members of the club will assemble behind our barn at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, each provided with a pick or spade."

Solomon Misk lived three-quarters of a mile from Middlesex, and a few hundred yards in the rear of the farm was a wooded hill that sloped to the Conodoguinet creek. Here, in the narrow strip of bottom land between the water and the base of the hill, was the Indian grave. It was an oblong, grassy mound, two feet from end to end. On all sides it was screened from observation by blackberry bushes and hickory trees.

Digging for Relics.

The boys reached the spot between 9 and 10 o'clock, having prudently made a wide detour around the farmhouse, and as soon as they had taken off their coats they set eagerly to work. They started to cut four trenches into the mound at once, Bob and Jimmie digging at one end, Tom at the other, and Jonas and Archie at opposite sides. For half an hour picks and spades were pried industriously and little was heard except the dull fall of loosened clods and earth. Every stone and pebble thrown out caused a momentary excitement, but the repeated disappointments did not dampen the ardor of the lads. With perspiring hands and faces they kept on digging, confident of uncovering the treasure before long.

"We needn't expect to find anything

at the the edge of the bushes. In one hand he held a rusty pistol, and in the other a mug and rusty pistol.

"I've caught you this time, you young rascals," he cried. "What are you a-doin' of? Desecratin' the dead, eh? It's a wonder you ain't afraid."

"You can see for yourself," Bob replied indignantly. He was not in a humor to make explanations.

"It's all right, Hez," assured Jonas. "We're not doing any harm, and we'll fill the dirt in again."

"I reckon you will, but not now," said the surly old man. "We'll see first what Sol Misk has to say. Leave them tools here, an' march in front of me. And don't one of you try to slip away, unless you want the finger what I've got on this here trigger to slip. I ain't a man what misses my aim."

The pistol was broken and empty, but the boys did not know that. They were too dispirited to care much what happened now, and after pulling on their coats they trudged up the hill and over the field in a group, with old Hezekiah limping watchfully behind them, and giving vent to an occasional chuckle of satisfaction.

A smart-looking horse and buggy were standing in the road outside of the farmhouse, and in on the shady porch Solomon Misk was talking to a tall gentleman in black. As the boys entered the yard they were surprised and pained to discover that the stranger was Professor Dustin; they would have given much to avoid meeting him under such circumstances.

Hezekiah marched his captives right up to the porch. "I cotched them down yonder—"

"Robbin' the orchards, eh?" interrupted the farmer, jumping to the most likely conclusion. "I'll tend to 'em in a minute, I'm busy now." Turning to his visitor, he resumed: "I reckon that's a fair enough offer, sir, an' you'll do well if you take it. I really ought have more, but bein' as it's you, I'll say twenty dollars."

The professor hesitated a moment, and glanced curiously at the shame-faced boys. Then he took a roll of bills from his pocket, selected two, and put the rest back.

"Twenty dollars is a large sum, Mr. Misk," he said, "but if I pay you that it is understood that all I find in the mound is my property? And you will have your man dig it open for me?"

"Exactly," replied the farmer, reaching for the money. "That's the bargain, sir?"

And you are sure that this is a genuine Indian mound?" added the professor, still keeping hold of the bills. "I must admit that it looks very much like one."

"There ain't no doubt about it, sir," declared the farmer. "Why, the whole neighborhood knows that, and I remember bein' told so by my grandfather, who heard it from his father. There must be a heap of injuns buried down there, and all their fixins with 'em. You see—"

A Profitable Invention.

But just then Bob stepped between the two, his face flushed with indignation. "Don't pay that money, Professor Dustin," he exclaimed. "You'll be badly cheated if you do. That mound never was an Indian grave. We've just dug it open and all we found was the bones of an old horse."

Consternation followed. With a threat of violence the angry farmer made a snatch at Bob, who eluded him by slipping aside. The professor put the money in his pocket and turned in amazement to the boys, now recognizing them for the first time. He was more than half convinced as he noted their grimy hands and sweated faces, and he doubted no longer when Archie took the rib-bone from his pocket and let him examine it. The story then came out. Hezekiah unwittingly making a strong witness for the lads, and seeing that denial was useless the farmer tried to get out of the escape on the plea of ignorance.

"If there was a dead horse in that mound," he said, "why, I knowed nothin' of it, sir. It may have been buried there afore my family settled on the land, an' that's goin' on a hundred and forty years ago. As for the young varmint," he added, shaking his fist at the boys, "I'll have the law on you as sure as my name's Solomon Misk. I'll send you to jail for trespassin'." I'll—

"I don't think you will, Mr. Misk," Professor Dustin interposed sternly. "These lads have done me a great service, and unless you drop the matter right here I will prosecute you for attempting to extort money from me under false pretenses. I have a clear case, and plenty of witnesses, and I mean just what I say."

That settled it. The outwitted farmer blustered a little, and growlingly threatened the get even, but made no further mention of the law. With suppressed rage he and Hezekiah saw the boys leave the yard, not daring to molest or detain them.

The professor drove slowly alongside of his young friends until the village was reached, when he declared his intention of postponing his journey back to Carlisle long enough to visit the clubroom. When he had examined the collection with appreciative interest, and learned the reason for the expedition to the Indian mound, he handed Bob a crisp five-dollar bill.

"Don't refuse that," he said. "I really must insist, since it is no more than a just reward for the loss you have saved me. And it will give me great pleasure to contribute to the support of such an admirable and meritorious institution."

After that, of course, there was nothing to do but accept the generous gift. A vote of thanks to Professor Dustin was then and there passed, and he was made an honorary member of the Middlesex Collecting Club. The same afternoon Mr. Baxter had the money and the order for the cabinet, and when Silas came home a week later he saw it standing proudly in the clubroom, in all its glory of polished glass, shiny varnish and treasure-laden drawers and shelves.



DON' PAY HIM THAT MONEY.

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this soon," said Bob. "Just wait till we get into the middle."

"We ain't far from there now," replied Archie, stopping to wipe his face. "I don't want to tackle another Indian grave in a hurry."

"You fellows ought to dig a little deeper, lik I'm doing," said Jonas. "The stuff may be hurled a good bit below the level of the ground."

For some minutes more the work went silently on. The boys adopted Jonas's suggestion, and the four trenches grew longer and deeper. At last Archie, who was digging at one side, uncovered a fragment of bone, and held it up in triumph.

"Hurrah!" cried Jimmie. "It's part of a rib bone of an Indian."

"He must have been a mighty big fellow, then," Jonas muttered doubtfully, as he looked at the find.

The boys toiled on with redoubled energy now, and a few moments later Tom held up another and a larger bone. Then Bob's pick struck dully on something, and with a couple of strokes he dug out the skull of a horse, yellow with age, and badly decayed. Silently, and with a look of mingled disappointment and amusement, he exhibited it to his companions.

"We're in luck for sure," shouted Archie. "This is the grave of an Indian chief. You know they always buried his favorite steed with him, and all his weapons and other stuff. Hurrah! pitch in, fellows."

"Hold on," drawled Jonas. "It's no use to go any further. The Indians around here didn't have any horses, Archie, and even if they had buried this one the skeleton wouldn't be in such condition now."

"That's so," Bob exclaimed, bitterly. "We're badly sold, boys. This isn't an Indian mound at all. It's only the grave of an old horse, buried by Solomon Misk's father or grandfather." He tossed the skull away, and climbed out of the trench.

Beyond doubt, Bob was right, and for a moment the boys were stunned by the sudden destruction of their hopes. They were at a loss for words, and as they stood looking dully at one another a second unpleasant surprise fell suddenly upon them. They heard a wheezy laugh, and glanced up to see old Hezekiah Sprout



WHEN SILAS CAME HOME.

a minute later, and was followed by Jonas Forman. Jonas was a studious chap, very quiet and slow to speak and act; but he was none the less popular with his companions.

The boys seated themselves in attitudes of eager expectancy. Jonas, who was secretary, took a blank book and pencil from his pocket and prepared to write down the



On the editorial page in this issue there is a fine offer of a boys' bicycle for boys under fifteen years of age.

This is the handsomest presents that has ever been made by The Junior department of any newspaper and the boys should get to work at once.

Remember that the boy who trains the hardest will be the winner of the wheel. The sketch on "How to Train" is a very

interesting piece of reading matter and if followed closely, will put a person in good trim for a bicycle race.

The boys should begin training at once for the important event and go in to win. Several other prizes will be given in connection with the wheel and it will be an important event with the boys.

Watch The Junior for further information and prizes.

It was a great day with the boys on the asphalt on Friday.

The races were for boys under fifteen, and several entered the race, which proved to be extremely exciting.

A large crowd had gathered, there were two or three hundred people who witnessed the event.

At 5 o'clock the starters with their numbers pinned on their back and dressed in bicycle costume mounted their iron steeds and were ready for the signal "go!"

Lawson Peel had the largest handicap, of a minute and a half. He left the line like a shot and was soon lost over the hill by Kimball street.

Robert Hemphill and Carl Fort had one minute handicap and both pulled off at a rapid rate.

Will Meador, the scratch man, followed a minute after and was for catching the boys who were ahead of him.

The large crowd waited eagerly for the boys to come over the hill, and many wagers were made as to who would come in first.

Just twenty minutes after the boys left the start they were seen coming over the Kimball street hill.

Master Carl Fort had a good lead on the boys and the way he was pulling from the bunch of cyclists was wonderful. He crossed the tape seemingly as fresh as when he pulled off. He made the fast time of 21 minutes and 30 seconds.

Will Meador came in second. Time 23 minutes. Meador had his tire punctured on the home spur. He was well up in the race and would have doubtless won.

Bob Hemphill came in third. Time 23 minutes and 30 seconds. This is a good run for Bob, who hasn't been in very hard training.

Lawson Peel came in fourth. Time 24 minutes.

The prizes were offered by the different firms of the city, and were well worth trying for.

Carl Fort won time and first prize, which was a bicycle from the Waverly Cycle Company, and a bell from Swift & Harris, on a bicycle bell donated by H. J. Pigott.

Carl Fort won six soda checks given by the Peachtree pharmacy.

These races will be run every Friday for some time to come. The prizes will be donated by the leading merchants around the city.

The races are given for amusement and to get the boys in good riding condition for the big meet which will be held during the exposition.

Next Friday there will be twelve or fifteen entries and the races will be entertaining as well as exciting.

They will begin at 5 o'clock sharp, over the course from Peachtree pharmacy to Joe Thompson's residence and back.

These girls are equal to, if not better, than a large majority of the riders on the asphalt. They have a large party, who are seen spinning on the smooth pavement late in the afternoons. Many of the young ladies are expert riders and are the envy of the boys, who are not as well up on the "tricks of a wheel."

A sketch is presented of several young ladies on the asphalt late in the afternoon.

They made a pretty picture sitting gracefully on their "bikes," spinning down Peachtree street.

The young ladies, from fourteen down, have no trouble with a bicycle costume. They wear shirt waists with skirts just below the knees and are remarkably pretty in their outfits. There is no danger of their skirts catching in the spokes of the wheel and then getting a hard fall.

There are several pretty wooden-rimmed wheels belonging to the young misses on the asphalt and their owners are justly proud of them.

Pryor street is another track for the afternoon riders. The pavement is nearly as smooth as the asphalt and it is the riding course of the south side wheelmen.

Ten young ladies were counted riding down Pryor street on Friday evening, and

they are as well satisfied as those who live near the asphalt.

In West End there are fifteen or twenty



A SCENE ON THE ASPHALT.

young ladies who have bicycles and they claim that their hard dirt roads are better than the asphalt or Pryor street.

There is a crowd of the little misses who take a long ride into the country one afternoon in every week and they form a merry crew as they spin along the hard dirt road under the shade of the large trees that border the route.

Miss Bessie Ray has returned from Brownwood after a pleasant stay of several weeks.

Junior Debating Club.

More interest is taken in the Junior Debating Club of late than heretofore.

There is a large attendance of visitors every meeting night and they seem to greatly enjoy the debates and reading.

The boys have gotten to be fine debaters, in fact, they can excel any of their age when it comes to arguing a question.

Mr. Menkin is greatly interested in the boys and does everything in his power to make it interesting for them.

A few meetings ago he took them on a car ride to Decatur.

The boys sang songs and made noises that can only be made by a crowd of boys. They took Decatur by storm, visiting all places of historic interest, among them the Agnes Scott Institute that is at present deserted. After rousing the entire population of the town they boarded the consolidated and returned to the city.

This is the first excursion of the kind that has taken place and it was pleasant as well as pleasing.

The boys were high in their praises of Mr. Menkin. While in Decatur they bought all the blackberries they could find and the boys were considerably stained around the mouth and hands when they returned.

They will have an important meeting next week and the new officers will be installed.

Among the bright young debaters of the Club is Otto Abel, John Brownell, Jay Youngblood, Paul Dixon. They are very strong in their arguments and will, no doubt, be some of the leading lawyers of the state.

R. C. M., Jr.

Hornets vs. Stingers.

The Davis Street Hornets and the South Side Stingers crossed bats at Grant park yesterday afternoon.

The Hornets are one of the best playing teams in the Junior League and can hold their own with any of them.

The Stingers were hard to beat during

the league series and will give the Hornets all they want. Marks is a good all-round player and is all right when it comes to making a hit.

The game no doubt was interesting and the winners will have their hands full.

The game was played too late to get the score in the paper and will be published next week.

Scorechers.

Rapidly the mother saw joke and the weary Willie edged humor are giving way to bicycles and bloomers. This is but the natural result of the fad of the day, though the bicycle is most assuredly here to stay as a machine for business and pleasure, as well as for racing.

Chollie—Lay odds on the biker in stripes. Chappie—Is he tipped to win? Chollie—He must be a flyer; he's Miss Fastleigh's brother.

"A bicyclist would never make a good yachtsman," confided the bloomer girl. "How's that?" asked Pacer. "He would always avoid tacks."

Dolly—I rode twenty miles this morning. I am completely exhausted.

Polly—Your wheel is tired, too. "I'll let you wear the bloomers, dear," cried he, "when we are wed." The maiden dropped a gentle tear. And "Yes" was what she said. —New York Herald.

Now that ladies have taken to the wheel the men don't bend over so much. This is no doubt because they like to sit up with the girls.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Is this the way to Wareham?" asked a Massachusetts girl on her bicycle of a wayside farmer, adopting the local pronunciation of the town's name. "Dumbed if I know," was his reply, "I never wear anything like them things."—New York Tribune.

The other day in Glasgow public feeling was startled, not to say shocked, to see the chief mourner at a funeral mounted on a bicycle, the handles of which were wreathed in crape. Some people have strange ideas of congruity.—London Lady.

In a Wisconsin village one day last week a funeral procession was very largely made up of men and women on bicycles. The deceased had been a member of a cycling club. Well, why not bicycles in a funeral procession? The bicycle is everywhere else.—La Crosse Press.

Since Asbury park is the Mecca of the wheelwomen of course it is perfectly fitting that bloomers should be all the go. They are. Turkish you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Divided—"What makes you look so seedy?" said the gearing chain to the bloomered 1-g.

"Just lonesomeness, I suppose," was the reply; "my mate and I used to be always together, but of late we see very little of each other."—New York Recorder.

In A Tiger's Jaws.

Lord Hastings, with his staff of officers was on a tiger hunt. A splendid animal had been shot. Every one supposed it to be dead, and with the rashness born of inexperience and excitement, Major S. rushed up to it. At that moment the tiger recovered himself, and with a roar of mingled rage and pain, turned upon Major S.

The young man discharged his pistol at the brute's head, but with no effect. The weapon was knocked from his hand and sent flying a dozen yards away. The tiger bore the man down, seized him by the right shoulder, and lifting him bodily from the ground, started toward the jungle.

The other men were powerless. No one dared to shoot for fear of hitting the man. The brute, seeking probably to get a better hold of his victim, gave him a shake and an upward fling, as a cat might toss a mouse, and caught him by the thigh.

This liberated the major's arm, which, protected by the padded cloth of his coat, had not been injured. He reached to his hip pocket, drew forth his second pistol, and raising his arm, placed the weapon against the tiger's ear and fired. "I never felt calmer in my life," he said afterward.

The animal dropped dead; but in dying his jaws closed convulsively, crushing the muscles and tendons of the major's thigh. Lord Hastings and his brother officers hurried forward to congratulate the major on his coolness and lucky escape. Save for the injury to his thigh, which resulted in a slight lameness, Major S. was none the worse for his ugly adventure.

Advancing Backwards.

From The New York Tribune.

There is an old story told about a negro slave, who went to the war with his young "marster." On one occasion the confederate troops got the worst of an engagement, and the result was a rather precipitate flight. On going home Cudjo was asked how the fight had come out.

"Oh," he said, "they retreated foruds, an' we advanced backwuds."

This is somewhat illustrative of this story of a little boy, told by The Youth's Companion:

"Little Arthur was visiting his grandmother, who owned a large rooster that was possessed of fighting qualities. Arthur went out to feed the chickens, when the rooster flew at him, pecking him severely. Arthur beat him off as well as he could, and finally got away and ran to the house. Some time later he was playing on the porch, when all at once the rooster flew upon an adjoining fence and crowed lustily. Arthur looked up and exclaimed: "You lie, you lie, you didn't lick me! I runned!"

Frugality Rewarded.

We have heard of the "ruling passion strong in death," but in the lives of most women there is another moment which supplies almost as severe a test of the dominant purpose.

The New York Sun says that a farmer entered a telegraph office in central New York, and sent this message to a woman in Canada:

"Will you be my wife? Please answer at once by telegraph."

Then he sat down and waited till late in the evening; still no answer.

Early the next morning he came in again and was handed a dispatch—an affirmative reply.

The operator expressed his sympathy. "Twas a little rough to keep you so long in suspense."

"Look here, young feller," said the farmer, "I'll stand all the suspense. A woman that will hold back her answer to a proposal of marriage all day so as to send it by night rates is just the economical woman that I've been a-waitin' for."

Quick-Witted Engineer.

Among Mr. Grundy's "Pictures of the Past" is one of a small, irascible captain of the royal navy, who for some inexplicable reason had been made the manager of the Manchester and Leeds railway, then newly opened for a few miles from Manchester.

This violent little naval officer issued a pamphlet of instructions to the men, a portion of which was devoted to engine-drivers. Thrilling stories of the result of want of caution abounded.

In those early days, wherever the character of the country favored it, the rails were laid, not upon wooden sleepers, as was soon found more desirable, but upon square, bedded blocks of stone.

The captain's story went that some careless workman had left one of these blocks of stone in dangerous proximity to the line of rails. Now mark the advantage of the cautious engineer.

He saw the great block, and knew the danger, so "he put his engine as much as possible on the other rail, and just missed the stone, otherwise he must have hit it."

Fish Insensible to Pain.

Does it hurt a fish to get caught on a hook? And if so, is it not cruel to catch fish? We know it hurts us to be impaled on a hook and we naturally judge of fish by ourselves. But a writer in Forest and Stream argues that fish are insensible to pain, which is a very pleasant thing to believe, as it would relieve the scruples of many humane persons. Here are the two instances he cites in support of his theory:

"Last year, while fishing for pickerel on Lake Carey, Wyoming county, Pennsylvania, in company with a companion, among other fish that we caught was a pickerel that would weigh nearly, if not quite, thirty-one pounds. My friend pulled it up, and as it came on to the top, say about twelve feet of a coarse brown line hanging to it.

"Upon inspecting it more closely I found that the fish had in its side a very strong hook, to which the piece of line was attached. The wound must have been made a very short time previous to our catching the fish, for it was bleeding quite freely and looked very fresh, and if the fish could feel pain, it would certainly have deterred it from taking our hook so soon after such an injury.

"There was only one other party fishing on the lake that day, as it was cold and windy, and that pickerel must have received his injury from them and have come nearly across the lake to us, dragging that piece of heavy line with him.

"The other instance occurred in this way: I was fishing for pickerel with a 'skipping bait'—a piece of pork rind—and had with me a friend, General Hart, who was not up to the trick of catching fish that way.

"I was having fairly good sport, but he got impatient and finally, when he had a good strike, he jerked so hard as to break his line, and away went the fish, and he at once proposed to go home; but I told him in joke that if he would wait five minutes I would catch that pickerel and get back his hook.

"So we sat down and had a short smoke. I soon commenced to cast my hook near where he lost his fish. I had a strike, and to our mutual surprise out came the general's fish, with his hook well fastened in its mouth.

"Now, I don't think the fish would have taken the bait so soon again had it been in any pain from the hook."

Indian Honesty.

One of the Indian boys at Hampton, Va., did not like to take his medicine, and his nurse agreed to pay him so much every time he took it. At first he was pleased with this arrangement, but one evening the nurse found that he had made no marks on the card where he kept a record of times he had taken medicine. She asked what it meant, and received an explanation from which many a little boy might learn a lesson and spare his mother much trouble and annoyance.

"Me lay here all day doing nothing; you pay me for it—not right. Me take medicine; me not take money."

No Love Lost.

From Truth. The Spaniards have a proverb, "A Spaniard is better than a Portuguese, so is a dog." A Spaniard would always, if obliged to elect between a Portuguese and a dog, prefer the dog.



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CHAPTER XXVII.

So on the morning, early in the morning, we farled on into the hills; and when we came to Torsken in the wilds we found my mother and Kate there. They were both well in health and glad to greet us, though my mother was doleful because of the news of Sandy's taking, which had been brought to her. Yet all of us did our best endeavors to be cheerful, as was the custom in Galloway at that time, when there was hardly a family that had not some cause of mourning and sorrow, though I do think that there was not one so deep in the mire as our unfortunate house of Earls.

At Torsken also we found Thomas Wilson, brother of our sweet little Margaret. He brought us sad news of her since she had been separated from Maise and her father after the capture and taken toward Wigton instead of accompanying them toward Edinburgh.

Thomas told us that his sister was confined in the thirteenth hour at Wigton. He told us of her shaft trial, and, spite of our sore hearts, he almost made us laugh with his account of the indictment which was returned against her, as I presume had laid against her. Along with our Margaret had been taken her little sister of thirteen named Agnes, who happened to be walking by her side as they came down Wigton streets. Both these young things had been most barbarously treated by the noble Judges of Wigton—Sheriff David Graham, Lag, Strahan and Windram. Worst of all was David Graham, for he had both his hands upon the fines, and he desired above all to amerce Gilbert Wilson, the lass's father, the tenant of Glenvernoch in the parish of Forthglenham. Gilbert was a man well to do, keeping a good stock both of wool and sheep upon a large ground, and so the more apt to be fined. He was a quiet, showy, pleasant-looking man, that was willing to let his hearing of the curates keep his head. But he could not help his children, as alas! who could? For years he was harassed with having to go to Wigton every day. He was near eaten out of house and home with having soldiers quartered upon him; and all because his children had chosen to endure hardship cheerfully for the good cause, and to serve under Christ's blue banner that has the cross upon it, at least so far as young bairns may. So from a child Margaret had been harassed with having to go to Wigton every day since she was a lassie of ten, when most children think but of their plays, with my sober Maise Lennox at the Duchrag. And afterward, when she grew to be of the age when lasses think of the lads, Margaret, for the sake of her faith and for naught else, lived on the wild mountains, in the bogs and among the hillsides.

To me Margaret Wilson ever seemed the stillest of quiet maids; but, as our Maise used to say, terrible rest in her opinions when once she had taken her stand. At eighteen she was a tall maid, with a great blowing mass of lint white hair that was like gold with the sun on it. Well might she have been some man's delight had she not been (as she said when the lads speered her) tryated to a higher bridegroom. The first party of soldiers to whom she was delivered let her go to her own home from

the evening practicing at the piano, so I add to the story which have been read a young lassie on the asphalt pavement of her very attentive little tutor with her in her hand. It had never occurred to him that he would have to lead her, as he said, he has declared that he didn't want to be married faithfully in the above and appeared ready for the worst, and very correct cycling along in a game but unbecomingly suddenly the young lady and gracefully, made a spurted back toward the road. The movement was in an endeavor to follow him was spilled out on the very muddy spot. Leaving to sprint on, he retired to a side street, having purchased a ticket to the city, and as he is a young man, he may soon be the 400's best cyclist.

She was going to learn to be a well-known Atlanta lass, and she smiled and a distant gleam in her eyes. "Have a cigar," she said, and she handed him one. "What about the ladies?" he continued between her the credit of trying that I would keep it. It's too good to remain in my hands. I'll give it to you. \$10 the first day. \$10 of the instructors bought was pretty badly broken indoors two days. The lady. There was a through some misadventure she became involved in apparatus I am now put to our conservatory. It is as a souvenir. Total loss courage gone. If I were certain an exceptional

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The good folk of Torsken were very willing to let my mother and the maids abide with them; for since the taking of Anton Lennox no soldiers had been seen in the district, and the slaying of wicked Mardroch, the informer, had feared the ill-fated informing people greatly, so that for a long season there was no more of that.

It seemed strange, yet so it was, that Maise Lennox, who had seen her father pass, as it were, to his death without a tear, wept constantly for her friend and gossip, Margaret of Glenvernoch.

"They cannot condemn Little Margaret. They will not condemn Little Margaret," she said over and over as women use.

"Ay, but condemned her they have!" said her brother Thomas, "for they libel it against her and Agnes that they were guilty of rebellion at Bothwell Brig and Airmoss."

"This plainly impossible," I said; "the Whigs cannot mean to put her to death. Why, at Bothwell Margaret was but twelve and little Agnes a piddling bairn of seven years. And as for Airmoss, the poor bairns were never within twenty miles of that place in their lives."

But Thomas Wilson, a quiet, plain-faced lad, only mistrustfully shook his head.

"It is even true," he said, "they mean to make them suffer now they can't but will even have a throw at it to see if we can break through the thieves' hole and draw the lasses forth."

"So it was set for the following night that we should make the attempt to break the thieves' hole. The morrow when it came proved to be a clear day and fine overhead, which argued too well for our attempt. We had rather had the blackest and wildest night for our venture. But we had but little time, and so we set off to travel by the road the weary miles to Wigton. We did all the afternoon in a wood at Machnoche, and laid our plans. It was about eleven of the clock that we went down into Wigton with the breaking tools that Thomas had gotten from his father's farm as we passed down through Feolnagham.

At the door of the little hostelry we heard a great rioting and crying, which was, as we understood, the soldiers of Windram and some of Strahan's men drinking late with the Wigton lasses, as was their custom. A great, important-looking man went by us swaying a little unsteadily. He made a great work with his elbows as he went, working them back and forward at his sides as though he was oaring a boat. This Thomas Wilson whispered, was Provost Coltrane, going home to his town house, after he and David Graham had had their nightcap together. Very evidently the provost was carrying his full load, for in the midst of the ill-kept square of Wigton, where certain tall trees grow, he paused and looked upward among the leaves at the crows chattering late among their eggs and younglings.

"Crawling and splatting deils," he said, shaking one fist up at them, and holding to a tree with the other. "I'll have ye brocht afore the toon counsel and fined—aye, an' at your goods and gear shall be exacted to the crown. Blood me gin a dinna, or my name is no Provost Coltrane! David Graham will be glad to hear of this!"

So saying, he staggered away homeward, there to underlie the ill-strapped tongue of his wife for coming home in such a condition, albeit not much worse than was usual with him.

About the Tolbooth it was very still, and all was still also in Lag's lodging, whose windows looked down upon it. We got

close to the window of the Hole and crouched to wait for the deepest darkening, when hind some low ill-smelling sheds, in which pigs were grunting and snoring.

But at the fifth of May it is very light at night, and especially in such a place as Wigton, which sits not among the hills, but as it were on a knoll under a wide arch of sky, which makes it little and lonely under all that vastness.

Thomas Wilson was to gather a few trusty lads (for there were still such about the place), who should attempt to burn the Hole with her head on her hands, and our own sweet Margaret were to be drowned within the floodmark of the Belldonoch.

Black, black day! Would that I could blot it out of my memory. Yet that men in after times may see what weak maids and ailing women bore with constancy in the dark days, I set down that day's doings as I saw them—briefly, neither glorifying nor suppressing, because of this I cannot bear to write at large. It was but half an hour before the binding of the woman that Lag sent for me, that he might see the thing that was done, and, as he said, carry the word to Sandy and the rest of the saints at Edinburgh.

And this he told me with all constancy. I should be very fond to do.

Now, the Belldonoch is a slow stream, which ordinarily flows in a deep ditch of channel, wimpling and twining through the sand of the hills of Wigton, three banks are but two steep slopes of mud, on which if one slips he goes to the bottom with a slide. Up this deep channel the sea comes twice every day, and the water is a gush stream and brimming back the sluggish full tide. When Lag's men took me down to the water edge I saw two women alight ready to stake out in the ooze of the Belldonoch bank. My heart swelled with me at once sick and hot. Margaret Lauchlinson was deepest down, her stake set firm as her head.

Nigh half way up the steep bank stood our little Margaret, loosely reeved to a sunken stob, her hands clasped before her. She still wore the gown she had worn among the hills. But she was cheerful, and lifting her eyes with a smile she bade me be so likewise, because that for her there was no fear, and but a short pain. Also she called me very sweetly William, and asked me to commend her to Maise Lennox, a thing which made me as all good maids' trust. The women were not tight-lipped to the posts, but attached with running rope of rope, by which they could

This we did at 11 o'clock by the town clock, though the better of more kindly dark to be looked for. It was silent as the Square of Wigton, save for the crows that Provost Coltrane had shaken his fist at. As we stole to the window, there was no more than a hole wide enough, the bars being removed, to allow a man's voice to pass through, we heard the praying of the prisoners within. It was the voice of Margaret Wilson. When last I heard that voice it was in sweet and womanly converse with Maise Lennox concerning the light matters which women love to speak of, but are immediately silent about when a man comes by—aye, even if that man be their nearest. For this is the nature of woman.

But at the first rasp of the chisel there was a silence within, for the prisoners knew well that only friends would try to enter in that way. We waited, and the lads piling fagots at the outer door, as had been done once before with great success when the bars were burnt within half an hour; but since the darkening had been brought the soldiers, it was put off till we had made our attempt upon the window.

Wat was stronger than I when it came to the forcing aside of the bars, and it was that set his strength to mine and with the long iron impelled out of the mortar the great central bar. Then, after we had broken the lesser one above and below with much less stress, the window lay open. It seemed a practical enough breach. It came my time to mount and enter if so I could help the women out of their enterprise which needed great caution.

Wat had scaled the roof to see if there was aught there that might be advantageous. I was up and scrambling with a toes against the rough wall, while half of my body within, when I heard a great scuffle and a sudden bitter cry of warning from the other side of the lower. I heard Wat leap down with a cry, and I knew he had followed, but I received a great push which sent me headlong through the prison hole into the thieves' hole. Here I sat very astounded, dashed with my head against the wall till the door was opened and a great figure, booted and spurred, cloaked above from head to heel, came in, and with a lantern bearing down on him stood looking at us. The two lasses, Margaret and Agnes, and a very old woman sat near me with their heads clasped in their hands. She never looked so long as I saw her, and seemed to have quite lost both interest and hope.

I knew that the big man with that hawk was the laird of the castle, for my father I had seen him on the street at Kirkcubright, when he spoke us fairly enough—the matter one of cattle and crops belike.

"Whom have we here," he said, "coming so late by the window to see the lasses? Young Whiggle, this is not proper work; but I say and said nothing.

"Still him up," he said, "and let us see what like this breaker of maidens chaumers is."

But I stood up of my own accord, with my hands on the chamber wall. "Then he appeared to recognize me, for he said softly:

"Ye be no Karlston Gordon, nae doot—ye favor the breed—though there's mair of the lawyer Hone nor the fechtin' Gordon about you. I hadna thought ye had as much of a turn as this."

Then he ordered two soldiers to stand guard over the hole on the outside, and setting a double guard on the Tolbooth, he cried: "Have young Gordon forth to me quarters. While they did, he entertained himself for several hours telling me how he would send me with the utmost care to Edinburgh, and of the newly imported soldiers, and myself. He said that Sandy was to be tortured at last, and that he had seen the precept from London with the order.

"So, ye'll just be a London to try on the new 'bott'. There's a fine new-fangled pattern 'til spikes, an' I hear that the new thumbknives are very persuasive. Faith, they'll make ye a fine job of it. I'll have ye ready, and mak' it braw and wide in the swallow!"

Then, adding all the time up to cup, he fell to cursing me and all our house, not setting even my mother alone, till I said to him:

"John Graham had not questioned a prisoner so. Nor you, Robert Gordon, if you thought that the ill-remembered Kaurer had hand to strike his sword through his body, as once he came near doing in the street of Kirkcubright in the matter of Bell of Whiteside!"

Now this (as I know) was a saying which angered him exceedingly, and he was for having out a file of soldiers and shooting me there and then. But luckily Windram came in to say that the other assassins of the Tolbooth had got cleanly off, and that a soldier was invalid with a sword thrust through and through his shoulder, in which I recognized Wat's handicraft, as he went through them like a leech.

The morning of the 11th of May came as clear and sweet as the night had been which had proved so disastrously good for me. I had seen as paraded for one that had carried the standard at Sanguhar, flashed through the storming fray at Airmoss, and sole of all in Cameron's charge had been clear and sweet.

From early morning I could hear on the street the gathering of the folk from the countryside far and near, and the soldiers clattering by to their stations, laughing as they went like people going to look upon a show.

"There are but two of them to be 'pitten doot,' after all," I heard one of the soldiers say. "Gilbert Wilson has paid a hundred pound to meet off his lassie Agnes."

And that was the first intimation I had that only the elder woman, Margaret Lauchlinson, whom I had seen in the Thieves' hole with her head on her hands, and our own sweet Margaret were to be drowned within the floodmark of the Belldonoch.

Black, black day! Would that I could blot it out of my memory. Yet that men in after times may see what weak maids and ailing women bore with constancy in the dark days, I set down that day's doings as I saw them—briefly, neither glorifying nor suppressing, because of this I cannot bear to write at large. It was but half an hour before the binding of the woman that Lag sent for me, that he might see the thing that was done, and, as he said, carry the word to Sandy and the rest of the saints at Edinburgh.

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Nigh half way up the steep bank stood our little Margaret, loosely reeved to a sunken stob, her hands clasped before her. She still wore the gown she had worn among the hills. But she was cheerful, and lifting her eyes with a smile she bade me be so likewise, because that for her there was no fear, and but a short pain. Also she called me very sweetly William, and asked me to commend her to Maise Lennox, a thing which made me as all good maids' trust. The women were not tight-lipped to the posts, but attached with running rope of rope, by which they could

be pulled close to the stakes, or else at the will of the murderers drawn up again to the bank, as one might draw a pitcher from a well.

Already the salt water was beginning to flow upward along the Belldonoch channel, bearing swirls of foam upon its breast.

Margaret Lauchlinson, being an aged woman of eighty years, said no word as the rope about her breast, where in the rope she stood waiting. Her head hung down, and it was not till the water reached her lips that she began to struggle in her extremities, and I saw her make a movement. She was drowned, and she lived, an honest, peaceable, Christian

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Dr. Radway & Co., New York, August 12, 1894.—I have been suffering from dyspepsia for over 18 years and have had several doctors, but without good result. I tried Dr. Radway's Pills to the extent of ten boxes, but my sickness grew worse instead of better, and I became so that I had only to see my food before me and I had enough and could eat nothing. But now I have been taking your Radway's Pills and I must express my thanks to you. They have cured me and I am all right again so that I can enjoy eating and drinking. Yours respectfully,

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June 1-30

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Old Man is Still in Search of a Position.

THE OLD CONFEDS. AS PEDDLERS

There is Danger That the Privilege of Peddling Without License Will Be Abused.

For The Constitution.
Brown and I are still hustling for recommendations and a good position.

A few things we have noted in our search for positions that we never thought of before. The old man of today is a back number. There are mighty few places for him to fill. The railroads, street cars, police—all these positions must be filled by young men. It is the tendency of the times to bar the old man. What are the old men to do? I, I think, the "problem" of the near future. I used to hear of countries where they killed crippled children, but I never thought that it would come to pass in Georgia that an old man was banished just because he had grown old. It would surprise some to know to what extent this tendency is growing. They are crowding the old from politics, from the mechanics, and they are "old fog" in church matters. There is a snubbing for an old man to do but to just wait a little while for the end and pass over the river without very much regret that his life is over.

The veterans of the war are the only ones that we have found who have anything like an equal chance in the race for bread. The privileges granted these veterans to peddle without license has been of great benefit to them, but I am fearful that abuses will arise in the matter. Speculators are taking hold of these old men to too great an extent, and are using them to avoid the payment of license. The grocery merchants are complaining and if you are not careful there will be a spirit of antagonism raised between this class and the veterans. Even the commission and wholesale merchants are complaining, and it is to the interest of these old soldiers that they be not used to the profit of enterprising speculators. If the privilege is abused the old soldier will be the loser.

It would be a pity if a feeling antagonistic to the confederate veteran should arise. This peddling helps them to live, and there is not a man who would object to the privilege being granted them where it is only for their own benefit, but you may be sure that the merchant is not going to submit to a wrong in the matter without making a big kick, and they would be more than apt to carry their point, even to the extent of having the law repealed. Let us hope that there will be no more abuses in the matter. These old soldiers are coming from a distance to Atlanta, and if we don't mind the whole thing will be so overdone that there will be no good in it to any one. We have been around enough to know that we are not sounding any false alarm in the matter. We have talked to the merchants and they feel that they are being injured, and we have talked to the old soldiers and they know that there is no disposition to do other than right among them. The whole danger lies in allowing speculators to use and abuse this privilege.

There are many things to be seen in a city like Atlanta to put old men like us to reflecting. All the world is ready to send out its sympathy to the vigorous young man who has his life blighted by some unfortunate mishap, but there are few to consider the fate of the aged and feeble who naturally reach the old men in life where no hope is to be expected. The world takes it as a matter of course that all the aged may expect such, and waste but little thought over the matter. It is sad to the old, though, to contentedly that they are no longer needed in the world. Our great government passes laws to keep him from positions after a certain age. The railroads don't want him, and all in all he has but a small chance in the struggle of life. Along with the old men are many and many an old woman that can be seen any day in the great city. Brown and I took notice of one yesterday that we used to know and that it seems to us should be living upon a pension for the good she has done. She is long and patient life. She was loaded down with garments that she had just made up for some storekeeper and we could see that she staggered under the load and the heat.

"Mighty hot?" said I.
"Yes," she said, as she changed her load from one arm to the other, "mighty hot, mighty hot."

Brown and I recognized this woman as one we used to know. She is the widow of a brave confederate as you ever saw, and she told us many things about what those "war-sewing" women have to go through. They go to the stores and get the garments to be made and lug them to their homes. When the sewing is finished they lug the garments back. Then comes an inspection of their work. They hardly get enough to pay for the lugging of the garments to and from their homes, but there is no complaint from this. Some of the storekeepers are harder upon these poor women than the weather is. There is a system among these merchant tailors of "docking" these sewing women for any shortcomings in their work. If the stitches are a little long they are "docked." If they do not not just as these men think it should be the woman is "docked." So it is, with the small price paid for this work and the "docking" that comes in through some cruel inspector that has an always to cursing favors with his employer, these women are starved.

Night and day these poor women have to work. There is no eight hours, nor ten hours, with them. It is work, work, work. While the sun shines they work and when the sun goes down they light their lamps. Many of these poor women had plenty before the war and were raised in such a way that they are mighty little fitted for these hard trials, but patiently they go along and are glad to get the work on any terms to ever grumble. In fact they know better than to grumble. If they were to complain they would be dropped from the rolls of the merchant tailor, and that would mean the poorhouse for the grumbler.

This picture is not overdrawn. There are plenty of such sights in a city like Atlanta. The trouble is that the prosperous pass them by without a notice—perhaps with a sneer. I mention such things in fear that the old confederate soldiers may lose the little privilege of peddling without a license through the greed of speculators. You had better be watchful of this. I do not believe that there is a merchant in Georgia who would begrudge anything to these old soldiers, but they will not submit to being robbed by speculators through this free license system.

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Restaurant, cafe and lunch rooms, 15 Whitehall and 14 East Alabama streets. Regular meals 25 cents. Specialties in luncheon, steak, chops, French, corn, mufins, hot rolls and coffee, 15 cents, served daily. A la carte orders at moderate prices. "Fading" in season. Prompt service. Under new management. Be sure and call at Vignaux's.
June 1-30

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The rooms lately occupied by the Exposition Company. Will arrange to suit tenants. Apply Business Office Constitution.

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MONEY—\$2,000 or less to lend on city property for two to five years, 8 per cent interest.
\$4,500 for 2-story, 8-r. house, lot 50x150 feet to alley; corner lot; level; east front; water and gas; street paved; worth \$6,000; owner must sell.
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The following are big bargains and must be sold at once:
\$4,000 buys a large 8-room house and five negro houses on beautiful lot fronting 60 feet on Larkin street and 319 feet on Love's lane. This property has paid \$80 per month rent and by an expenditure of several hundred dollars can be made to do so again. Same has been listed on my books at \$6,500. Must be sold this month, hence this sacrifice. This property has a good future and the party buying will double his money in two years. Call and get full particulars. There is a good living in this property alone.

I am going to sell a lot 49x220 on which there are good houses renting for \$30 per month on Magnolia street, very close in. Just in the line of improvement. Alabama street bridge, when extended will strike this place. Can be bought at a very low figure. Will pay 15 per cent per annum. Will be pleased to show same.
\$2,000 buys two corner lots, one 37x200 to alley on Washington street, and one 20x200 on alley on Crew street. Either lot worth the money.

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G. W. ADAIR,
Real Estate,
14 Wall Street, Kimball House.

I have for sale a beautiful central lot on Ivy street for \$2,000. This is a splendid site for a family hotel, or would make a nice home for a physician.

I have on Angier avenue a beautiful house with water, gas and all modern conveniences, nice, shady lawn, one block from the Boulevard, which I am anxious to sell for \$4,500.

A very cheap lot on Wilson avenue, between Peachtree street and the exposition grounds.

A beautiful eight-room house on Forest avenue, lot 50x150, which I will sell for the next few days for \$7,500.
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By D. P. Morris & Sons, 48 N. Broad Street, Corner Walton Street.

13-r. h. Boulevard, \$75.00
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A large lot of stores near in. Call if you wish to rent.

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7-r. 2-story, Richardson street, \$2,200
5-r. Mills street, \$100 cash, \$15 month, 2,200
11-r. Forest avenue, 6,750
Whitehall street store 50x100, 2,250
3 lots 50x150, Piedmont avenue, each 15,500
50x150 at Piedmont park, 1,250
50x150, West End, 500
9-r. West Baker street, 50x100, 5,000
Factory site near E. T. R. R. freight depot, 2,500
4-r. Thirtieth street, 50x275, 2,500
2-r. and 4-r. acres, Fair street, 200 fruit trees, 2,000
7-r. Windsor street, 50x170, 2,500
41 acres one mile from Macon, 2,500
6-r. West End, 50x200, 2,000
2-r. Bellwood, \$50 cash \$10 mo., 200
30 acres Piedmont park to exchange for farm.

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